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MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

A Madrigal.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

At Morn, while sweetly gay birds sing,
And lambkins skip around the lea,
Gazing from out my lattice bars,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

At Noon, when steak of porter house
Enough for two is spread for me,
Flanked by the crisp potatoes, fried,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

At Night, when dressing for the ball,
I wonder where my boots can be—
And find more buttons off than on—
Then, most of all, I think of thee!

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

DR. CAMERON'S SURPRISE—NURSE CHEYNE'S ALARM—THE BLACK BRAID—THE MYSTERY—THE WRONG BABY—THE SECRET—THE REGISTRY—MR. AND MRS. BROOKS' DEPARTURE.

Dr. Cameron went down stairs to tell Arthur Brooks the tidings of the death of the poor baby, though how to account for it he was completely at a loss. The infant had seemed so strong, so healthy at its birth, the mother was as well as could possibly be under the circumstances, and yet the poor baby had dwindled and died without any apparent cause. It seemed hard to send the new-made father upstairs to his young wife with the news that she was already deprived of half the treasure that had seemed to her so priceless, but it must be done.

Of course to him it was only what the loss of a very young baby is to any man—merely a subject of passing regret; indeed it was hardly that, for in his secret heart he had been more annoyed than pleased at the advent of the twins.

It seemed to him that with the double responsibility there would be double difficulty in keeping his secret safe, and perhaps he was right in some measure. A single baby is passed by unnoticed while twins are always a subject of remark.

"Will you tell my wife, doctor?" he asked; "I'm a bad hand at anything of the sort. I should bungle the matter some way, I'm sure, and do her more harm than good; she will hear it more calmly from you, perhaps."

"I am more used to such things, I daresay," he replied. "I have very sad duties of that sort to perform sometimes, I can assure you. It is hard to tell any one of the death of any loved one, but it is often a doctor's office. I will do it if you wish, and then I will see the sexton for you and make the necessary arrangements."

"Thank you, you are very kind; I do not know how I shall ever repay you. Some day," he added, in a hesitating manner, "it may be more in my power than it is now. I am not ungrateful, that I am sure, and trust me, I will not forget it when that time comes."

"Of course you won't, of course you won't," said Dr. Cameron, cheerily. "I don't want to pry into any secrets, so never mind the future now; the present is all we have to think about. Get your wife well and then we'll talk of paying. Not what he seems," he soliloquised, as the young man went before him up the narrow stairs; "no, I could have sworn to that from the very first moment. White hands, delicate features, aristocratic bearing, clothes cut by a first class tailor, diamond ring. No, no, Arthur Brooks has a handle to his name, or I'm very much mistaken. Besides, I heard Matthews stuttering over something that sounded very like 'lord,' or I'm very much mistaken. Well, it's no business of mine. Doctors have only to do with people's ailments, not their secrets. That's for lawyers."

Mrs. Brooks bore the news better than they had expected she would—the better because it was not wholly unlooked for. Her new-come motherly instincts had been on the alert all the day, fancying that there was something wrong with one of her babies, and she almost anticipated their tidings when she saw the doctor's grave face. They gave her remaining child into her arms, and let her weep out her grief, with its nestling form to speak comfort in its every touch.

"It will do her no harm, I trust," the doctor said. "As long as your other little one lives and thrives, she will soon get over her loss. It is a pity she cannot nurse it herself, but, under the circumstances, I suppose it is impossible."

"Quite. We must be back in England very soon."

"Well, she will have it living, at any rate. It is when a mother's all is taken away the grief is so bitter. If it had been that poor soul's in the other room now, I should have feared for her life. She seems a woman of a strangely excitable temperament; she reminds me of a tiger over her baby."

Doctor Cameron was away about an hour; and when he returned he ran up stairs to the room where the dead infant lay.

"I've settled it all with old M'Culloch," he said. "He'll be here by and by, as soon as it gets dark enough to avoid all the boys and idle folk, so get it wrapped up, and he'll take it out of the house quietly. Why, Cheyne, what is the matter?"

He might well ask, for the nurse's face was white with some intense emotion—whether fear, or surprise, or what, he could not make out.

She sat before the fire with Mrs. Matthews' infant half undressed upon her knees; the clothes which she had taken off it lying on the floor at her feet, with the black braid still round the little empty sleeve. She was staring blankly at the child, and seemed not to hear the doctor's entrance or his question. Beside her stood Mrs. Buchan, looking at her as if she thought she had suddenly gone mad.

"What's the matter, I say?" repeated Doctor Cameron, coming close up to her. "Any more of the babies ill?"

"Ye may weel speir what's the matter wi' her," said widow Buchan in an aggrieved tone. "There has she been miscain' me for the last half hour, I dinna ken for what. I hae dune nae wrong that I ken o'."

"Nae wrang," said the nurse, "ye hae dune mair wrang this day than ye could undo were you to live a hunder years; ay, a thousand. You've dune this day what a lifetime of repentance will ne'er undo! But it canna be mended now. It's too late to speak o't now; too late."

"She's clean daft," ejaculated Mrs. Buchan in terror. "I've just been busy some gait doon the stair a' the day. I've na had time either tae mak' or meddle wi' her business up here."

"What has she done?" asked the doctor. "Nothing very serious, I hope? There does not seem anything wrong with this baby, at any rate, if one may judge from the state of her lungs. It roars like a child of three months old."

"I dinna ken o' onything I have done," said the woman sulkily. "I'm nae gaun tae stay here tae be accused o' mischief I ken naething about. Why canna she speak up like an honest woman and say what she means? She'll hae been at the whiskey, I'm thinking."

The last words were *sotto voce*, but Dr. Cameron heard them, and they seemed to him a very probable solution of Nurse Cheyne's singular behavior. He had always known her as a sober, steady woman, and recommended her as such, but she had had a hard night's work, and but little rest during the day, and that she had taken more than she was used to, under her unusual excitement, he could well believe. If that was the case, Mrs. Buchan's wrangling with her would do no good, and he resolved to get rid of her.

"Come, come," he said to that offended matron, "there's nothing very serious I dare say. Nurse Buchan will go to Mrs. Brooks; you musn't leave her alone too long now she has lost her baby. I give her into your charge, mind; don't talk too much."

"Lost her baby!" muttered Mrs. Cheyne, as Nurse Buchan rose. "If they only kenned! if they only kenned."

The woman went off, mollified by the doctor's urbanity and the *soubriquet* of "nurse" which he had bestowed upon her; it was a distinction she was aiming at, to be considered an established nurse, and this "engagement," as she termed it, seemed a fair step towards it. When she was gone Dr. Cameron closed the door.

"Now, Cheyne, what is it?" said Dr. Cameron, resolutely.

"I've nae been at the whusky, doctor," she said in a sulky tone. "I heard what that daft hizzy said, though she didna mean I should. I'm nae drunk. I've had a sair fright."

"What has frightened you?"

"Come here; I'll whisper it, it's an awfu' thing to think o'."

He came to her side to hear her whispered communication. It was told in a very few words, but with

SCENE FROM "PARIS AND HELEN,"

Now being performed at the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre. [For subject matter of engraving, see elsewhere.]

"Impossible," he said, "such a thing could not have happened if you marked them properly, or, if it is so, the blunder must be yours, Cheyne."

"It's no mine; I never left the bairns till I put the mark on the right ane. I laid them down mysel', and I found them nae moved when I came back, only Mistress Matthews had been wearying for her bairn, and Widow Buchan had taen it tae her."

"With the mark on it still?"

"The mark was on it when I took it out o' bed tae wash it an hour sin, but oh, doctor, I can tak' my oath if I were to die this night, I never tied anything on this bairn's arm."

"You must have done so, though you think not; it could get there no way else."

"I did not; I'm sure o't. Dinna ye mind me showing ye this the morn? If it had been the ither ane I should nae hae been so sure."

"I cannot comprehend it," said the doctor, looking at the little brown streak across the tiny hand. "It is a most untoward accident. But what shall we do? I must think; I do not see clearly what to do to-night. Mrs. Matthews is just in that excitable state that to tell her her child's dead, and take this one away from her, would be productive of serious, possibly fatal, consequences; while on the other hand Mrs. Brooks believes her infant is gone, and is getting reconciled to its loss. I do not see what to do to-night. Say nothing till to-morrow morning, till I see how both my patients are."

"Say nothing!" exclaimed Mrs. Cheyne. "I'd say naething a' my days if I thocht nae ill wad come o't. I should be too frightened o' what wad happen to mysel' to speak o't."

So the secret never was told; none knew it but the doctor and the nurse, and at first they but waited for each succeeding day to give them a suitable opportunity for revealing it; but day after day passed by, the poor mother got no better, the time came for Mr. and Mrs. Brooks' departure, and without meaning any harm they tacitly made up their minds not to tell it at all.

Arthur Brooks and his wife left Kinghorn, firmly believing that their little one lay beneath the sod in the churchyard there, and went their way, thankful that Providence had spared them one, which one they were on their way to place in safe concealment till they could proclaim their marriage to the world.

Months passed away; autumn had given place to winter, and winter to spring. Mrs. Wycherly's new governess had settled down to her duties and was giving every satisfaction, and the fashionable papers announced to the world the fact that the Earl and Countess of Lorton were traveling in Italy for the benefit of the health of the latter, accompanied by their son, Lord Dornton.

This piece of important foreign intelligence Mr. Wycherly read aloud at his breakfast-table to his wife and family.

"Why, how you jumped, Miss Carson," said her young scholar; "did anything frighten you?"

"Do you know Lord and Lady Lorton, my dear?" asked their mother, who had marked the start and the flush.

Laura's momentary disquiet was over, and she replied calmly:—

"My father had the management of part of his Sussex property, ma'am; I used to go to the castle sometimes."

"Ah, I recollect," said the lady, "I heard something about it. Did you ever see Lord Dornton?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What sort of a young man is he? If he is half as good and handsome as they say he is, he must be an angel."

"I think—that is, I believe he is very handsome," said Laura in a hesitating tone.

"He's going to be married to Lady Mary Sempton, the Earl of Montalban's daughter, isn't he? They say she has an immense fortune. As soon as he is of age, I was told."

"My! Miss Carson, how your hand does shake?" said the eldest girl. "Mamma, look at her."

A diversion was created by the entrance of a servant with the letter bag, and Laura's agitation, if she displayed any, passed unnoticed.

"Not much this morning," Mr. Wycherly remarked, turning over the contents. "Two for you, Miss Carson; this one looks as if you were quite a woman of business; there's red tape and parchment in the very shape of it."

There was indeed; it was unmistakably a business letter—a large, coarse-looking envelope, directed in a clerky hand, and emanating, as the stamp on the other side told whoever it might concern, from the office of "Messrs. Clark & Murray, 16 Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Laura only bestowed one glance on it, however, and laid it down beside her plate. Whatever its contents, they could be nothing in comparison to the other letter, with its badly written, ill-spelt direction, and stamp stuck on all awry.

There was no ceremony over the breakfast table at Abbot's Lodge, as Mr. Wycherly's house was called. The governess was made to feel at home, and could read her letters over her tea and toast, if she was so disposed, without running the risk of hearing any unpleasant remarks or inuendoes from her pupils or their mother. Shall we look over her shoulder, and peep at the letter which makes her blue eyes sparkle with pleasure, and her heart beat quick with joy? It is somewhat queerly directed, as if the fingers which held the pen were more used to some rough work than writing, and the schoolmaster was sadly wanted in the spelling. It was addressed to

"Miss Laura Carson,
at squire Wicherlys,
abots Lodge,
St. Johns,
by Wooster,
England."

"South End,
"Kirkcaldy,
"may tenth."

"DERE MADAM,

"I RITE these few lines which leaves me quite well, hoping you are the same. Dear madam I have to tell as I have to go to Aberdeen to see my mother which is ill. I shall take the dear baby with me, that I may know she is took care of. Dear madam, we do love her, as much as if she was our own, which we lost; she do grow the prettiest and best little creiur as ever I see, and just like her mother. Dear ma'am, if nothing happens I shall go from here at four o'clock to-day. I would have started earlier, but Bill he can't get home until then, and i only got the news this morning. The sea will do the dear child good, though i don't believe she wants anything to make her better or rosier than she is now. Dear madam, my mother's address is Mrs. M'Pherson, No. 1 Grange Street, Aberdeen. I will write as soon as i get there, and tell you if i am safe and the dear child. Bill sends his humbel dooty, likewise myself, so no more at present from your humbel servant

"SARAH WATSON."

The letter bore date two days before.

"She must have gone the day before yesterday," thought Laura to herself. "I may get another letter to-morrow."

She was glancing over it again, when a startled exclamation from Mr. Wycherly made her look up.

"What is it?" asked his wife

"Tom has had a narrow escape of being smashed," he replied.

"He writes from Perth. There's been an awful accident somewhere close there."

"An accident!" ejaculated Laura, with white lips, half starting from her seat. "When, sir?" She recollected herself in a moment, and sat down again, blushing scarlet.

"When? let me see. This was written yesterday morning, and he says 'last evening,' so it would be the day before yesterday."

The letter reads thus:—

"I left Edinburgh somewhere about three o'clock—this is a glorious country to travel through by the by—and from the ferry to some town that seemed endless in passing it, Lang Kirkcaldy, I think they called it, I sat in solitary state. There entered into my compartment as pretty a little woman as I have seen for many a long day, with a lovely baby in her arms. I don't often go into heroics about children, but this one was so remarkably pretty, too beautiful by half to be the child of the great hulking monster who escorted her, and who bestowed on her a great smacking kiss when he parted from her. He was her husband, she informed me, when we had entered into conversation, also enlightening me as to where he worked, where she herself was going, with various other items. About the child she seemed more reserved; it was dressed in rather a superior fashion, but that it ever belonged to Mr. Bill Watson, such was the euphonious name of her 'good man,' I must beg leave to doubt. I should have forgotten all about her, I daresay, but for what followed. How the accident came about I cannot tell. I was talking to the woman and looking at the child when all of a sudden there came an awful crash, a rush of scalding steam, and darkness. When I came to myself I was lying on the road beside the rails, and some fellows were dashing water over me. I wasn't hurt, but so shaken I had to be put into a truck with a lot more and brought ignominiously into the town. I am all right now, and this morning I walked to the place where the dead are lying to have a look. I wished I hadn't gone at the first glance, for it was an awful sight, one which a fellow could never forget if he lived a hundred years. Nearest the door lay my pretty companion, scarcely marked, but the poor little baby! Ugh! it was covered up all but the bottom of the frock, but there was no shape under the cloth, so you could imagine——"

"My dear Miss Carson," exclaimed Mrs. Wycherly, interrupting, and rising hastily from the chair. "What's the matter?"

There was no answer, for Laura had fainted, and lay in a senseless heap upon the carpet.

Laura was taken to her own apartment, and everything was done for her comfort, that willing hands and hearts could accomplish. Mrs. Wycherly made no attempt to penetrate the secret, and soon left for the purpose of attending to her duties below.

It was nearly mid-day before she went up to Laura's room again.

"She'll have had a good sleep by this," she said to herself as she softly turned the handle of the door and entered the room, "and I'll have a quiet talk to her before I go to dress for dinner. Oh, she's asleep, I think."

The curtains were drawn as she left them, and all was still.

She was about to close the door again, when a smothered sob and a few muttered words fell upon her ear. She was just going to speak when another exclamation came from the curtained bed which made her heart stand still almost, so astounding did it seem to her.

She doubted the evidence of her senses. Could she have heard aright?

Yes! for again the pitiful wail rings out, as it seems, from the very depths of the poor girl's heart.

"My baby! my baby! What shall I do?"

Laura deemed herself alone. Mrs. Wycherly's soft footfall had been unheard in her restless misery, and the words were repeated again and again, as she tossed from side to side.

A touch on her shoulder made her look up. Her pupils' mother stood beside the bed, with anger and sorrow strangely mingled in her face. Laura started up, dreading she knew not what, for the expression was one she had never seen there before.

"Madam!" she began.

"There is no need to speak, Miss Carson," the lady said, stiffly. "I have heard enough; I have been deceived in you. It is little use to hide your face now," she went on, as her governess put up her hands to conceal the blushes that suffused her cheeks. "People that can act a lie as long as you have done must be past all shame! all sense of honor or honesty!"

"Madam!" she replied, roused into some dignity, "I have acted no lie! I *was* a mother. Two days ago the mother of a babe as dearly loved as your darlings are by you. I am no mother now. Nothing but a childless sorrowing woman; but I am a *wife*—a loved, trusted and honored wife—loving and honoring my husband

Laura told her story, suppressing only her husband's name and condition; how she had long loved her young husband in secret; how her father had suddenly died without knowing of her marriage; how she had promised to keep silence till her husband was of age; how her baby was left in Scotland; and how she believed Mr. Wycherly to have read the tidings of its death that morning.

"Poor dear—poor dear!" said the kind hearted lady, "no wonder you fainted. Ah, see what comes of secrets, Laura. What one underhand thing leads to. Do you know, when I heard your words just now I felt as if it was one of my own girls that had gone wrong. Thank heaven I was mistaken, my dear. There, there, lie down again. There's one thing you must let me do."

"What is it?"

"Tell Wycherly, my dear. I never had a secret from him in all my life. Now, don't you look so frightened. He'll not whisper a word to any one for the world, and he'll know how to set about inquiries for you, without any one knowing anything about it."

"Tell him," replied Laura. "He is like yourself, dear madam. He will not betray me, I am sure. 'Tis for my husband's sake, not mine. You do not know what he will risk if it were known."

Mrs. Wycherly went her way down stairs, and soon her husband knew all.

"And now what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Wycherly of her husband, after she had confided to him Laura's history.

Mr. Wycherly remained silent for some moments, and then said:—

"I think I can understand all this. The husband is no other than young Lord Dornton, and as they were under age when the marriage took place, the old Earl of Lorton would set it aside entirely if he chose to do so. Hence this secrecy. Now there may be some mistake with regard to this child. You must persuade Laura to be quiet, and I will at once write to Tom Turton for all the particulars.

Mr. Wycherly sat down to write, and the afternoon's post bore away his letter to his nephew.

"ABBOT'S LODGE, May 12.

"DEAR TOM.—We are very thankful to hear of your escape. I want you to do something for me, Tom, and to do it quietly into the bargain. I want you to find out whether the poor woman who was killed by your side was really Sarah Watson, wife of William Watson, joiner, Southend, Kirkcaldy, and whether the infant she had with her was the one she had in charge. You will wonder how I come to know and take an interest in these people. I cannot explain this in a letter, but I want to know the truth; a proper certificate of the deaths if you can get it. Don't delay in writing, my dear boy; I am very anxious for your answer. Your affectionate uncle,

JOHN WYCHERLY.

"TO T. TURTON, Esq."

Mr. Thomas Turton read the above epistle, and gave vent to a low whistle when he came to the end of his uncle's letter.

"Whew," he said; "if I did not know the old boy to be one of the most innocent and quiet creatures on the face of the earth, I should suspect he had been playing Don Juan on a small scale on some of his trips to the north. Pshaw! The child was too young; it is at least four years since he was in this part of the country."

Mr. Turton set about his inquiries forthwith; obtained a regular certificate of the death of "Sarah Watson, wife of William Watson, of Kirkcaldy," and of the infant under her charge, known as Laura Brooks, aged seven months.

Laura heard the confirmation of her fears from her kind friends, and despatched a long sad letter to her husband, full of a young mother's first grief.

A week passed over, and she began to look as usual, only sadder, and her pupils missed the merry smile and cheery tones they were wont to win from their young governess when they pleased her.

"Any news in the paper this morning?" asked Mrs. Wycherly, before Laura appeared with the children.

"Only a few lines copied from a Scotch paper."

"We are happy to be able to state that all the sufferers from the late terrible catastrophe are progressing favorably. There seems no further fear of fatal results to any of them. One poor little infant still remains unclaimed at the infirmary. It is quite recovered from its slight injuries, and will be given over to the parish authorities in the course of a day or two."

"Poor little creature," said his wife, her motherly sympathies aroused in an instant. "Its mother killed, perhaps. No, we won't let Laura see this paper; it will set her fancying it is her baby, and she'll go galloping off to Scotland to see. Better let the affair die out. Oh, here she comes."

The paper was put out of sight, and breakfast proceeded with.

"Plenty of news this morning." Mr. Wycherly remarked, as he opened the letter bag; "one for you, my dear; more business."

Laura started as she took the blue looking envelope in her hand. Another letter from the office of Messrs. Clarke & Murray, of Lincoln's Inn, and she had never looked at the other one yet! No; there it lay in her little desk upstairs unopened and uncared for, completely forgotten in the terrible blow which had come to her on the morning of its arrival. She opened this one, wondering what any lawyer could have to write to her about. Its contents might have been Greek for anything she could make of them.

19, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.
May 224, 18—.

MISS LAURA CARSON,

MADAM:—Our Mr. Bayness wrote to you on the 11th inst., requesting your immediate attendance in town, on the business mentioned in his letter. Having ascertained that it was duly delivered at Abbot's Lodge, we are somewhat surprised at your not having communicated with us on the subject, and hope to hear from you without further delay.

I am, madam,
YOUR obedient servant,
CHARLES ARCHER,
For Clarke & Murray.

To Miss Laura Carson.

"What can it be about?" thought Laura; and

Thither, finding she did not return, Mrs. Wycherly followed her, and found her with a scared face staring blankly at a letter she held in her hand.

"What is it?" she asked. "Any more bad news?"

"Read it," said Laura, holding it out to her. "I can hardly believe it."

Mrs. Wycherly read the letter twice, as if she, too, deemed the contents beyond belief.

"My dear girl," she said in delight, "let me be the first to say how heartily I congratulate you. May it bring you nothing but joy and happiness."

It was a fortune of £50,000, left by a Mr. Thomas Martin, merchant, of Calcutta, to Laura Carson, his sister's only child.

"He was poor mamma's only brother," Laura said, "almost the only relation she had in the world; I have often heard her speak of him; he quarreled with his father when quite a young man, little more than a boy, and went out to India as a minor clerk in some house of business. He wrote word at first that he was getting on well, but as she had not heard of him for many years, she fully believed him dead."

"He has lived to make you a rich woman, my dear. You must go to London to-day."

And in an hour's time Laura was whirling away towards the great city, with Mr. Wycherly in attendance, to present herself as the heiress of the rich Mr. Thomas Martin.

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER AND SON—LADY MARY—THE MORNING WALK—THE REQUEST—THE DENIAL—THE SECRET DISCLOSED—THE CONSEQUENCES—ENGLISH LETTERS.

On a sunny morning of the same bright May which witnessed so many changes in the fortunes of Laura Carson, two gentlemen strolled together on the little quay of Coblentz. The one was the Earl of Lorton, and the other, his son, Harold Arthur Lord Dornton. The subject of their conversation was the marriage of the young lord to Lady Mary Sempton. It was a wild spot the father had chosen for the conversation, it being upon the very verge of a frightful precipice overhanging the Rhine. The Earl appeared much excited, and exclaimed in great earnestness:—

"Harold, you *will* obey me in this?"

"I *cannot* father! do not urge me any more."

"But why *cannot?* Give me the reason you have so long withheld. Still silent to me! Must I beg from your pity what you will yield neither to your love nor your duty?"

"Pity! father," exclaimed his son. "What do you mean?"

"Listen to me, and I will tell you. By marrying Lady Mary you will save me from ruin!"

"Ruin!"

The young man looked in his father's face with the feeling creeping over him that the earl must have gone suddenly mad. He saw no wandering there, however: nothing but pain and supplicating agony, and he could say no more.

"Ay, ruin! That is a new word for your ears, is it not? but it is true, nevertheless. How it has all come about I cannot tell you here; but am ruined, Harold, and shall be disgraced! If I cannot by some means or other raise £40,000, disgrace will come as well as beggary. Half that sum Lady Mary's father will pay down on her wedding day—it is hers independently of him; the other half he will stand security for. He knows the strait I am in; at least partially, and he will help me, but I look to my son to help me too. Oh, do not say me nay. Can you make no sacrifice to help me? Harold! think what is before us—disgrace and misery! Think of your mother—it will kill her! Think of me! But no, I will never live to see it! Think of the degradation of our ancient name—the name that has never known a taint till now bandied about from lip to lip, coupled with curses for the ruin it has wrought, and branded with everlasting dishonor! Think of all this, Harold, and save me from this ruin! See, on my knees, I ask this aid at the hand of my son!"

And crouching on the ground at his son's feet, the earl buried his face in his hands and sobbed aloud.

"I *cannot*," replied his son, forcing the words from his white lips. "I can never be Lady Mary's husband. Another has the right to the title of my wife."

"What?" shouted Lord Lorton, starting up with almost insane passion gleaming from his eyes. "Have you dared?"

"I have dared to marry a true and good woman—one who will be an honor to our name and position, the brightest gems in whose coronet will be her purity and truth!"

"My curses on you!" shrieked the infuriated father. "My eternal curses on your disobedience and ingratitude! Hear me, Harold Dornton. Hear the last words which will fall from your father's lips, and all your life long remember they were a curse!"

He knelt down on the gravel and raised his hands; in one of them his dismayed son saw something gleaming. It was the barrel of a pistol—a little weapon, a toy in size, but carrying certain death in its tiny form for all that. Lord Dornton seized the hand that held it before his frantic father could utter another word.

"Are you mad, father? what would you do?" he said.

"What you have driven me to. I came out prepared for it. Let go."

Lord Lorton struggled with the strength of madness, and the pistol went off, wounding his son in the hand, thereby weakening the strong grasp in which he held the earl, who now made violent struggles to reach the edge of the rock, which overhung the river. Had he done so, his fate was certain, for beneath lay one of those deep, dangerous pools which abound in the Rhine.

Soon, however, the frantic man became insensible, and in this condition he was conveyed back to his home.

The young man now felt that he needed an adviser,

and he resolved to make a confidant of Lord Montalban, the father of Mary. The old lord was surprised when he learned that Arthur was married already, and absolutely thunder-stricken when informed that his wife was no other than Laura Carson, the old lawyer's daughter.

Then came letters and papers from England. The first spoke of the wealth which had so unexpectedly fallen to the young wife, and the latter gave an account of the railway accident and death of the child. The father became almost wild with grief. Montalban advised him to set out at once for London, and bring back his wife, promising to arrange matters for him during his absence, so that he might be sure of a hearty welcome on his return. Acting upon this advice, the young man left on the first train for Antwerp, and early the next morning took boat for London.

In the meantime, Laura had visited her lawyers in London, and she was accompanied by her true friend, Mr. Wycherly, and soon after joined by his good wife. Elegant apartments were secured, but the heiress was far from happy. She thought of the *two* lonely graves in Scotland, and anxiously did she await the arrival of her husband.

A week passed by, and one bright morning—the first of June—she appeared unusually sad. She was bathed in tears, and she did not hear the ring at the door bell, or the servant's bungling announcement. But a voice sounded in her ears:—

"Laura—my own Laura!" and with a wild shriek of bewildered joy she sprang into her husband's arms.

"Hem, I'm not wanted here, I guess," was Mr. Wycherly's comment, as he left the room to seek his wife.

CHAPTER VII.

DOUBTS AND ANXIETIES—THINGS BETTER THAN THEY SEEMED—LORD LORTON'S LAWYER—BETTER NEWS FROM ABROAD—LADY DORNTON' MAID—STARTING AGAIN.

THE events of a lifetime may be told in a very few pages, and there is no need for us to enter into minute details of all the events which transpired after the arrival of Lord Dornton in London. Mr. Wycherly was relieved of his anxieties, to his great satisfaction. Messrs. Smith & Murray were duly informed that their young client was not Miss Carson, but Lady Dornton. All concealment was at an end now, and the young husband told the far seeing old lawyers the exact state of the case, and asked their advice. They plainly told him that his marriage was so far invalid that the Earl of Lorton could, if he chose, set it aside.

"But only till you are of age," said Mr. Smith. "His personal power over you extends no further. He can disinherit you, of course, in some measure; but with such a lovely wife to plead your cause, and 50,000 eloquent reasons besides, I hardly think you have much to fear."

"Lorton is strictly entailed," said Lord Dornton. "Mayfield and——"

"And the rest of the property would go from you," said the lawyer. "You would be a poorer man by half your income, my lord; but I trust no such calamity will happen."

"I trust not," Lord Dornton said in an anxious tone. "When my father sees my wife, if ever he recovers sufficiently [illegible]"

"My mother knew her and liked her exceedingly; she will remember her very well."

"So much the better for you, my lord. Your marriage and your father's sudden illness have made a tangled skein of what would otherwise have been quite easily arranged. You will have to marry her ladyship over again, if Lord and Lady Lorton wish it."

"With all the attendant ceremonies, I suppose—half-a-dozen parsons, and a flock of bridesmaids. Well, I'm content, so I keep my little wife. Then you think it well she should return with me?"

"Well! I think it necessary. A thorough clearing up of all mystery will be the best cure for Lord Lorton if things are as you say. By-the-by, my lord, I must see your solicitor. Though we are not guardians to Miss Carson (I beg pardon, I'm sure), Lady Dornton, still we feel in some degree responsible in the matter."

"And if you find things not to your liking, what then? Will you try to set aside my marriage?"

There was a painful flush on his face as he spoke; he knew nothing of his father's embarrassments but what he had heard from his own lips, and he dreaded what might transpire in an interview between two acute lawyers. His mind was always running on something disgraceful being mixed up with the difficulties of which the earl had spoken; the terrible agitation he had shown warranted such a belief, and he shrank from their being divulged to other ears while his father lay unable to take any responsibility upon himself in the matter.

"No, my lord," replied Mr. Murray. "We are not vested with any power to control the young lady's actions; we could only prove the marriage void for the sake of settling her property firmly on herself before it ran the risk of being swallowed up irretrievably."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man indignantly. "I have not come here to claim my wife for the sake of her fortune. My father knew of my marriage before I was aware of this money."

"And he's at death's door in consequence of the revelation, as you admitted just now. Had you been able to tell him of the fortune first and the mariage afterwards, would this have been, think you? I do not wish to pain you, Lord Dornton, but there are ugly reports going about respecting the Earl of Lorton's affairs, and I must see into them. Take the young lady with you; her friend will accompany her I don't doubt; clear up all mystery, have no more secrets."

"I will not go till you have seen our solicitor," said Lord Dornton resolutely. "I must know as well as you what is coming upon us. Lady Dornton's fortune shall not go to stave off for a short time inevitable ruin. If it were aught else——"

"If it were," returned the lawyer, "I would lend all the aid in my power to help you to get rid of it. You have the right to know all. Meet me at the lawyer's if you will, and hear all there is to be said upon the subject."

"I will," the young man replied, and fixing a somewhat early hour the next day, the lawyer bowed him out.

"What muddles these young people do make in the world!" was his inward comment as he watched the lithe, handsome young figure across the square. "If all tales are true, I must checkmate them somehow. That girl's money shan't go to prop up a falling house."

All was not true, however, and Arthur Harold, Lord Dornton and Mr. Smith left the office of Messrs. Stathers & Burton, Gray's inn, on the following day with greatly relieved minds. That Lord Lorton was terribly embarrassed was very apparent, but not ruined; a less sum than Mr. Thomas Martin's bequest would relieve him from all present pressure, and could be easily paid in time. Letters from Coblentz, too, brought cheering news. Lord Lorton was slowly recovering, regaining the use of his limbs, and was able to speak, though Lord Montalban had not yet dared to speak of his son to him, any mention of Lord Dornton's name proving terribly exciting.

The countess had been told the whole history, however, with the exception of the primary cause of her husband's condition, viz., his pecuniary embarrassments, and after a fit of motherly distress at the "love match" Harold had made, and at what she imagined would be Lady Mary's sorrow, her trouble had merged into satisfaction at the young lady's fortune and curiosity to see her in her new position.

Perhaps Lady Mary had helped to bring about this desirable state of things by telling Lady Lorton a little secret of her own; anyhow it had come about, and the rather weak-minded countess had worked herself up into a state of expectation about her son's wife till she was almost as nervous with her fancied pleasure in the prospect as she had been with fright and agitation at the idea of a plebeian daughter-in-law.

"And so, my dear fellow," wrote the earl in conclusion, "I may safely assure you that everything is going on as well as could be expected, as the doctors say. Things seem all veering round towards the very point we wish them to arrive at, and though I have not as yet been able to enter into the subject with your father, I mean to do so this very night; so come as soon as you like—as soon as you can, I should rather say, for I know your feeling of duty will not let you stay away an unnecessary hour. We are all impatience and curiosity here to see the fair lady who has been in quiet possession of your heart so long. According to your mother—whose astonishment at the story Mary told her from me (I must say with a great deal of tact) has subsided into recollections of your pride, and anticipations of seeing her again—she is some marvellously beautiful, 'like an angel, with long fair hair,' she told Mary. With respect to [illegible] your father's embarrassments, real or imaginary, I am not nearer the truth than I was when you left. I cannot, he is able to speak, he is too weak to converse; and all exciting subjects are so expressly forbidden by the powers that be, that I dare not touch upon anything of the sort. I can only say, Harold, wait and hope; things may not be so bad, after all, as you and he imagine. Your mother is not a bit the worse, indeed

I think she is the better for the excitement she is passing through (nerveus invalids often are, you know); all her present care seems to be about the appearance and deportment of the young lady whose advent she is anticipating; so take a hint from an old man, my boy, and set the milliners to work. First impressions go a great way, you know."

"My poor mother," said Harold, when he had finished the letter—"what a small thing interests her! I will take your hint, my lord; my wife shall be attired as becomes her rank."

And, much to Laura's wonder, he began to interest himself immediately in her costume, and to insist on her fitting herself out in elegant style for her journey with him.

She laughed and remonstrated once or twice, but consented eventually to all he proposed, and managed to invest Mrs. Wycherly with a good many articles of costume elegantly suited to her age and position.

She, good old soul! had consented to go with Laura, though she was sorely disturbed in mind at the prospect of crossing the sea, or visiting what she presisted in calling "furrin parts," at all, to say nothing of how her household affairs would get on in her absence.

Without a good deal of delicate manœuvring on the part of her *protege*, she would have fitted herself out for the visit with a variety of wearing apparel which, to say the least of it, would have tried Lady Lorton's nerves terribly. Thanks to her exertions, however, nothing of the sort was likely. Mrs. Wycherly looked a motherly, lady-like woman in her dark silk dress, and handsome Paisley shawl, as she stepped on board the boat at the wharf with the young people. Her husband, and Mr. Smith, who had driven down to see his young client off, said their last adieux, and in a few minutes the deck was cleared of strangers and they were streaming rapidly down the river.

"I am taking back a lighter heart than I brought over," said Lord Dornton, as they steamed past Woolwick. "When I was here (how long it seems ago, and yet how few days it really is) I felt as if I could never struggle out of the sea of troubles that seemed ready to overwhelm me."

"But your father," faltered Laura, the tears standing in her eyes; "how will he receive me? If he is well enough to be told, perhaps he will spurn me as an unfit wife for his son; if not—if he should die, Arthur, can I never forget that his last words to you were a curse, a curse of my bringing on you?"

"But they won't be his last words to me, my darling; he is able to speak now, and he will give my wife a welcome, I know he will. He loves me dearly, Laura; he is passionate, and may be very angry, though I don't think he will show it to you, my dear; so set your heart at rest and be happy."

"My heart! I am leaving half of it behind me, Arthur."

"Laura!"

"In my child's grave. I wish I could have gone to Scotland before we set out."

"To Scotland, my darling?"

"Yes, to see where they had buried her. I should like to have known what her resting-place was like."

"It was impossible, dearest; besides, what good would it have done? Only have made you very sad; you shall go to Scotland as soon as you like when we return, and we will visit all the places where we were so happy, though in all sorts of perplexities sometimes. I'll introduce Lady Dornton to the good old doctor at Kinghorn, eh, Laura?"

"Ah, Dr. Cameron," said Laura, as she smiled and blushed. "How kind he was to me, good old man."

"As you will," she continued; "they were all so kind to us. You must take me to Perth, Arthur."

"To Perth?"

"Yes, where—where my baby was killed," she answered, choking down a rising sob.

"I will take you wherever you wish to go," he replied, "though I don't think a visit to Perth would do you much good. It's getting cold, the water looks grey and chilly," he added, wishing to turn her thoughts into another channel. "You must have more wraps. Where's Mary?"

Mary was one of the servants at Dornton House, given up by the housekeeper, under protest, to accompany the party, and in high exaltation in her own mind at being suddenly transferred from the brooms and brushes at the deserted town residence of Lord Lorton, to the service of a young and beautiful Lady Dornton, of whose existence every one was ignorant. It boded future greatness for her, Mary thought, and she did her best accordingly.

"She will be but a clumsy maid, I fear," said his lordship, when he told Laura of her coming, "but my mother would be horrified at so unorthodox a proceeding as two ladies travelling without any attendant, and I thought Mrs. Wycherly and yourself——"

"Wouldn't know what to do with a ladies' maid," said Laura laughing. "I'm afraid we shouldn't Arthur; Mary will do very well, I'm sure."

Mary was nowhere to be seen at this particular juncture, and Lord Dornton went in search of what he wanted himself.

He found her below in attendance on poor Mrs. Wycherly, who had managed to terrify herself into a miserable headache, and had retired to her berth.

"Ill," said Laura in surprise when he returned, "ill in the river?"

"It's only fright, I fancy," said her husband; "you need not be alarmed about her. She has pictured the terrors of a sea voyage till she has brought on a headache, I dare say, as she has since given herself into the hands of the rolling powers of the lower regions we shan't see her up again, I fancy."

Could Laura but have seen the latter's berth, she would have been certain not that all her dangers were over and that they were not going to suffer the horrors of a shipwreck this time.

"Thank goodness!" she said emphatically, when Laura told her how near their journey's end they were.

"I shall be thankful to set my feet on dry land again. I've often read of sea-sickness, but ugh! it's nothing to the reality."

"It's over for the present," Laura said, smiling, "our journey is all by land now."

"Ah, my dear," said the good lady with a shrug, "but there's the getting back again."

At Cologne the first face Lord Dornton saw was the Earl of Montalban's.

His first thought as the train passed him in entering the long station was that his father was dead, and that his lordship had come thus far to meet them, and break the news; but the bright look which met his own when he stepped out of the carriage set him at rest on that point at once.

"All is well, my boy," said his lordship, grasping the young man's hand. "Everything is going on well for you; your father knows all, and is impatient to see the future Countess of Lorton."

Harold's heart bounded with grateful joy.

"How shall I ever thank you?" he murmured, returning the friendly hand pressing; and drawing the blushing Laura forward, he introduced her.

"Lord Montalban, my wife, Lady Dornton."

And this was Laura's first recognition of her new title.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CRICKET.

WHAT ABOUT CRICKET?

As yet the cricketers have not stirred their "stumps" this season. They are generally very late in getting to work; but advantage should at least be taken of the occasional fine days we are blessed with to roll and otherwise put up their grounds. At Hoboken the march of improvement is making such work with the St. George and Manhattan grounds. A street has been cut through one side of the former, and the railroad folks have been taking off several acres of the latter in laying new tracks. Fox Hill is being cut down, and the *debris* is laying around loose on the cricket field. The new grounds of the St. George club are slowly assuming their proper shape, and if the work is kept up will be in condition some time during the summer.

The engagement with the All-England eleven still hangs fire. As the professionals have to be guaranteed a large sum before they come over, it lays with the three or four leading clubs in this country to say whether they shall come. As we understand the matter, Boston and Philadelphia have to be heard from before the final arrangements can be perfected. If they will guarantee the Englishmen a certain sum—to speak plainly—then the affair can be considered as *fait accompli*. If they do not do this, then the matter will end in a fizzle.

JERSEY CITY CRICKET CLUB.—A special meeting of this club was held at Zachau's Union House on Thursday evening, April 23d. The resignation of Mr. John Tham, as Secretary, was accepted, and Mr. James Weild unanimously elected to the vacated position. A "Ground Committee," consisting of Messrs. D. S. Kidd, M. Dunn, C. McArty, J. Weild, and J. McLane; and a "Match Committee," consisting of Messrs. W. Davis, W. Jones, D. T. Kidd, H. G. Shaw, B. Kidd, and H. Enser, were appointed for the season. We understand another match with the Paterson club is on the tapis. After the first of next month meetings will be held at the new club room in Newark Avenue.

KINGSTON CRICKET CLUB.—The officers of this club are using every means to make the coming campaign more than ordinarily attractive. This truly national game has been a favorite in Kingston, and only during last season, for some cause or other, has it failed to present to the public its usual number of brilliant games. The present management of the club is in the hands of veteran cricketers, and those well qualified to once more place the game on its original footing.

AMATEUR CRICKET CLUB, OF CHELSEA, MASS.—The first regular meeting of this club was held recently, when the following named gentlemen were elected officers for the year ensuing:—President, Fred. W. Hatch; Vice President, James F. Farley; Secretary, Harry F. Fay; Treasurer, Arthur A. R. Bittner.

PARIS AND HELEN.

Burlesque is the mania of the day, and therefore it is regarded as a triumph when one establishment which makes that a speciality can excel another. The scene delineated in our picture this week will be readily recognized. It is that in which the hero and heroine are described as making their escape, while in the foreground are grouped the various characters incidental to the piece. Any one who has witnessed the performance will readily recognize in our delineation the "three sisters," Sophie, Irene and Jennie Worrell, while the figures of those in the foreground may be assumed to be counterparts. In these days scenic accessions contribute in no small degree to the success of a play, and (as every frequenter will testify) this department is admirably filled at the New York Theatre. As a matter of artistic grouping our readers will probably agree that the sketch is worthy all the praise that can be accorded it.

CANINE EXTIRPATION.—In St. Louis during 1868, six thousand two hundred and three irresponsible canines were killed by the dog police. On the 1st of March the campaign of 1868 commenced, and during that month five hundred and thirty-three worthless and owneriess nuisances were exterminated. A tax of three dollars is levied upon licensed dogs, and nineteen hundred of them received municipal endorsement at that rate last month.

CANINE FANCIERS JUGGED.—Jack Fitzherbert and John Morris were arrested in Brooklyn, E. D., on the evening of the 18th ult., and locked up in the Fourth street station house, charged with entertaining their friends with degolistic controversies in the yard rear of the premises corner of North Fourth and Fifth streets, E. D.

DEFUNCT.—Dr. Dio Lewis' seminary, at Lexington, Mass., will be discontinued at the close of the present year, as the $100,000 wanted to re-build is not forthcoming. Dr. Lewis will resume his gymnastic training school in Boston.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

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FRANK QUELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

J. B., Thila.—1. The Queen has power to withdraw her assent to the act, and refuse to sign the bill, without which it cannot become law. 2. No, Parliament cannot pass it over her head, but it can refuse to vote supplies. 3. Yes, the power of the Queen remains unaltered since the reign of Elizabeth, but it is modified by the improved spirit of the age. 4. You will find it in Hume's History of England in a condensed form. 5. If convicted and removed from office for high crimes and misdemeanor's against the Constitution of the United States, Andrew Johnson cannot be elected again as either President or Senator from any state.

PITTSBURGH.—1. With a dramatic company you would have to commence as utility man at a salary of about eight dollars a week. 2. Make personal application to the first manager you meet and state your wishes. 3. You might procure a situation as assistant to post bills, but being green at the business you would find a great deal to contend with. 4. The only advance you would receive would be sufficient to pay your hotel bill and railroad fare one week at a time.

FLIP MCGILL, Detroit.—1. The first husband is the legal protector of the lady. 2. Hamlet's madness was only pretenued, while Ophelia's was real. He acts the part of madness with unrivalled power, convincing the persons who are sent to examine into his supposed loss of reason merely by telling them unwelcome truths, and rallying them with the most caustic wit. 3. The concern will travel in Pennsylvania and New York State.

WELLER, Troy.—1. The late Mary Taylor played Columbian Katie in "Tom and Jerry" at the Bowery Theatre in 1849. Country McCloskey, who fought Tom Hyer, played Tom Cribb. 2. A piece called "Sam Weller," founded on the Pickwick Papers, was produced in London in 1828. 3. The play of "The People's Lawyer" is sometimes called "Solon Shingle." It is an adaptation of a French piece, entitled "L'Avocat des Pauvres."

W. K.—1. The first number of the CLIPPER was dated April 30, 1853, so that we are now a youth going on for sweet sixteen, and expect soon to be of age, having cut our eye teeth. 2. Can't tell precisely when you first subscribed, the documentary evidence not having been preserved. 3. Order received and credited. 4. Thanks for your approving smile and flattering eulogy.

OPERATIC.—1. The opera of "The Devil's Bridge" was first played in this country at the Park Theatre on July 4th, 1815, with Darley as Count Belino; Simpson, as Barton; Hilson, as Marcelli; and Mrs. Burke, as Lauretta. 2. Incledon came to this country in 1817, and opened at the Park Theatre in "Love in a Village."

T. J. H.—The late G. V. Brooke did not play an engagement in this city after the opening of the Academy of Music. Mr. Brooke made his first appearance in this country Dec. 15th, 1851, as Othello, at the Broadway Theatre. He returned to England in the fall of 1853. The Academy of Music was not opened until Oct. 24, 1854.

CORNELIUS.—1. "On the beach at Brighton" is the correct title of the song, and Mr. Lingard claims to be the authot of the words and music. When Mr. Lingard, the original singer of it here appeared, he changed it to "On the Beach at Long Branch." Bobby Newcomb sings the same words as Mr. Lingard. 2. Lizetta was in this city last week.

CONSTANT READER, Mattoon, Ill.—The rule says "That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always, that when in such position the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike."

R. A. H., Washington, D. C.—1. Not a "legitimate" transaction in the strictest sense of the term, but both parties named do business on the square, we believe. 2. There is no public bureau where a "book" is made upon the English Derby, although there are one or two private clubs that make it upbetween themselves.

BOATIST.—The amateurs keep their movements so quiet that it is difficult to get at them. Let them "show a light," and after that all will be good going. Now, notwithstanding your lengthy communication, it contained nothing that would give us even the groundwork for an item

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—B loses his $50: it is an old wife's superstition, and not believed in by any man of ordinary intelligence. There is nothing to prevent a dog going mad, as hydrophobia is a disease to which the canine species is liable, but its approach may be perceived and guarded against.

FELIX.—Bill Fuller was born in Norfolk, Eng., and appeared four times in the ring, being beaten by Jay and defeating him once, fighting a draw with Molineaux, and afterward being beaten by him. He is now about 78 years of age, and is residing in Brooklyn. He is in very affluent circumstances.

YATES.—1. Morrissey defeated George Thompson (right name Rob McLaren) at Mare Island, Cal., in 1852. 2. Yes; Elliott defeated Bill Davis 9 rounds, 11 minutes, May 10th, 1867. 3. Patsey Evans beat Tom McGurran near Flushing, L. I., in 13 rounds, 21 minutes, August 7th, 1867.

H. D., 14th Ward.—1. Neither Mike Costello, Mickey Coburn or Mike Barry ever fought in the ring. Coburn was beaten by Hen Dufley in a turn-up in this city. 2. Billy Edwards was born in England.

SPOONEY, Greeneastle.—1. He married a Cincinnati lady. 2. Send postage stamp and we will send you a programme. 3. Charley Pattengill was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1841, and has been in the profession since 1861.

SHINGLE IN.—1. Sponging with cold water is preferable. 2. Flax or straw. 3. Breathe naturally. 4. No, if you only use the clubs for exercise and to develop your muscles. 5. Until you have had experience. 6. They are manufactured to order by bungry scribblers. You cannot put faith in such reports.

CHRONICLE, Philadelphia, Pa.—No; Seward's best one hundred yards time, which is the quickest on record, was 9¼ secs. A few years ago some London journals put the time at nine seconds, but it was never properly authenticated.

G. W. B., Rochester.—1. They sail three times a month. 2. Charley will be in your city with his company shortly. 3. See our negro minstrel summary. 4. Tommy Chandler was born in Fairfax County, Va.

R. J. W., Washington, D. C.—The jaws are the sides of the entrance to the pockets, consequently the carom billiard tables cannot have jaws. The corners of the table cannot properly be so called.

F. H. D.—But few works on the subject have been published in this country. Mr. J. D. R. Putman issued a book several years ago; it met with a good sale. It is now out of print.

PHILIP.—1. We cannot give you the fighting weight of Gen. Sheridan. 2. The height of the other great soldier has been placed at about 5 feet 5 inches.

J. H. R., Louisville, Ky.—Coburn was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20th, 1835. McCoole was born at Ballabuiay, County Donegal, Ireland, March 12th, 1837.

MAC, Louisville.—The stakeholder was bound to declare whether all his money was up, and by his refusing to do so B is entitled to the forfeit.

ELLA.—Wash. Norton is at present in London, Eng. A letter addressed to care of Christy's Minstrels, St. James' Hall, London, Eng., will reach him.

DAMIAN, Peoria.—C. H. Hawkins, No. 118 East Thirteenth street, this city, can furnish you with horizontal bars of every description.

TELEGRAPH, Chicago.—Lotta went to California in 1853, and remained there until March, 1864, when she sailed for this city. She was born in this city, Nov. 7, 1847.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—1. Before coming to this city they performed in Music Halls. 2. He was not hung, but was honorably discharged. 3. Bobby married Mary a few months ago.

S. V. S., Albany, N. Y.—O'Baldwin has appeared three times in the ring, being beaten by Marsden, and defeating Iles and Marsden.

H. J. R., Greenville, Pa.—The city pays fifty dollars per year for each lamp, and the gas company pays the lamplighters $25 per month for their services.

CALIFORNIA JACK.—It was George Trussell who was killed by his mistress in Chicago. He was joint owner, with Mr. Fawcett, of Dexter.

HOTEL FOR SALE.—Persons desiring to embark in the hotel business are referred to an advertisement in our miscellaneous department.

MUSICIAN, Huntsville.—Your best plan is to write to one of the dramatic agents, whose address you will find among our advertisements.

JERODY, Stamford.—The Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, this city, will seat more persons than any other theatre in this country.

OLD READER, Chicago.—Either make application to the stage manager of one of our theatres, or get one of the dramatic agents to obtain you the position.

A. W., Milwaukee.—They are traveling in your State with a dramatic company, but we are not advised of their future movements.

J. H. A., Chicago.—We have not heard from the company since they were performing in Canada.

P. D.—John Sivori will give you instructions. See his card in another column.

SMEAR ASSE.—A club can enter the convention without having played any matches at all.

J. W., Cheyenne.—Write to W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor Place, this city. He can furnish you with all such books.

W. R., Danville, Pa.—Dan Rice, the original, is living, and at present traveling in your State with a circus company.

D. L., Baltimore.—B loses the fight for his dishonesty in using the 1¾ inch spurs, contrary to the conditions of the match.

W. H. W., Almont.—1. It was old Ethan Allen. 2. You must put them all up, and deal again.

ST. LOUIS.—There are several who claim superiority. We cannot decide.

FREE PASS.—The managers complain that such indiscriminate "dead headism" would soon make dead heads of *them*.

A CONSTANT READER, Hesseick Falls, N. Y.—1. Tom Cribb. 2. Dan Donnelly never fought the champion of England.

LOOKOUT, Chattanooga.—Billy had a little difficulty with him owing to his getting "budgy," but it was soon settled.

AMATEUR.—A and B have all the say in the matter; C has no voice in it until they mutually agree.

POKER, No. 21, St. Louis.—A has to deal again, as it would be manifestly unjust for C to lose his privilege of the beg.

HUMPHREY BOMBE, Philadelphia, Pa.—We do not know the address of such a party.

ANXIETY, Cincinnati.—The bet is off, unless declared on again by mutual consent.

STAGE STRUCK.—We have not as yet heard of any such a scheme as is opened.

F. ——, New Orleans.—A letter sent to this office will reach Mr. ——.

R. J. S., Boston.—Send us your address and we will forward you a programme.

FELIX, Utica.—If you wish to retain the sole right you must copyright it, which will cost you one dollar.

ROCKS.—George Cheer arrived in this country November 21, 1867.

READER.—Heenan and King fought at Wadhurst, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863.

F. N.—We do not believe such a work is to be had in this city.

W. F. F., Baltimore.—Yes, the gentleman's name is Mead.

ADMIRER.—Reiche & Bro., 55 Chatham street.

HUB.—Chiarini's Circus is traveling through Mexico.

BASE BALL.—Live Oak, of Albany, has that honor.

THE STEAMSHIP OCEAN RACE.—By the telegraphic cable we learn that the City of Paris arrived at Liverpool on Monday morning, April 27th, and as the Cuba had not been heard from, it is presumed that the City of Paris has won the race, and has made most rapid time at that, as she left this port at 2:15 P. M. on Saturday, the 18th inst., which would make her time within nine days, and something to spare.

DIVORCE SUITS are all the rage. Can these unlucky suits always be the result of miss-fits?

JACK FROST'S GLAZING.—A sheet of ice, twenty-four inches thick, covered the surface of Lake Winnipisiogee on April 13. Last year on the same day steamers were running.

THE JUDICIAL REFORMATION.

Whether the convocation of a constituent convention to devise alterations and modifications in the constitutional system of our State has been a wise provision engrafted upon that instrument, is a question to be determined by popular action at our next ensuing election. It was assuredly a curious idea with our previous constitution-makers to anticipate that the organic condition of the body politic, like the frame of our individual citizen, would become so impure and clotted up through a few years' exercise as to require a periodic purgation, or other rejuvenating treatment, to restore its functions to a reliable and effective action. Nevertheless, whether the necessity for the recent congregation of constitutional delegates actually existed or not, the labors of that assembly have been completed, and we are summarily called upon to ratify, or discard, as the whim may hereafter suit us, the work which has emanated from the collective wisdom of a body of Solons whom we have presumptively charged with the task of doing our legislative thinking.

Indeed, so inopportune has been the political moment chosen for this constitutional labor, consideration of which should be deemed of paramount importance to citizens of every degree, that we firmly and honestly believe that not one tithe of the population to be effected by the organic changes sought to be introduced into our governmental system, are aware of the fact of the close of the constituent assembly, much less of the cardinal features advanced in their reformatory scheme. Turned aside from investigation of purely local politics, the mind's eye of the public has been distracted by the varying scenes of turmoil and confusion consequent upon the termination of a lamentable civil war, whose progress had overturned a pre-existing international dependence, and whose conclusion had imperceptibly annihilated previous rules of legislative action. Naturally the administration of general affairs at the National Capital engrosses the attention of the multitude, scarce recovered from contemplation of the manifold trials sustained by the Commonwealth during a prolonged period of unexampled disorder, and hence the people of this State are at this present moment scarcely prepared to devote a patient and responsible scrutiny upon topics of a minor, or comparatively ephemeral, character, which simply touch upon our relations as local citizens; relations, which, under the existing emergent circumstances, we are inclined to regard as secondary to our duties in the conservation of national unity.

It requires no very astute politician to predict the fate of the proposed constitution drafted at Albany, should consideration of the instrument be forced upon the people, as has been anticipated, during the frenzy of an exciting presidential election, as such must be the case in November. Whatever may be the salient features of the projected constitutional reformation, it will, if its submission to popular suffrage be not postponed to some more auspicious occasion, be either summarily rejected by an overwhelming majority of discontented voters, or else pressed through the ballot box by dint of whip and spur, applied by partisan leaders. Either consummation must be provocative of sincere regret, for the reformatory measures touch many abuses justly the subject of present complaint, whose early remedy is almost indispensable for our metropolitan good, while the adoption of measures, which allay without eradicating our grievances cannot fail to open the door to an infinity of unwise legislation.

One particular branch of the proposed constitution more decidedly affects the rights, privileges and interests of the people of this metropolitan district in a pre-eminent degree, for since the concentration of authority at the State capital, the citizens of New York have been deprived of their municipal distinction. In fact, every phase of late legislation has been especially impressed with a metropolitan significance, as contradictory to a municipal implication, so that New York stands, as a city, the mere shadow of a name. Against the encroachments of the legislative power we, as citizens, have only a resort to judicial adjudication upon the constitutionality and general merits of laws, organically designed to controvert the expression of opinion, which, if exercised directly by our population would declare itself hostile to the now existing system of metropolitan government. It is to the judiciary, therefore, that the people of New York, charged with observance of laws to which a vast majority of our citizens are opposed, both as to their spirit and manner of execution, look. Consequently, when the subject of reformation in the judiciary is mooted, we of this metropolitan district have an interest infinitely more intimate than can be expected from other sections of the State, where uniformity in general enactments does not fall with such marked and restrictive force.

The application of popular election to the members of our judiciary was a concession to propitiate our municipal prejudices, as well as the establishment of local tribunals whose jurisdiction does not extend beyond our city limits. It is now charged that the experiment of an elected judiciary has been demonstrated to be a failure, and our new constitution designs, among other things, to substitute some other method of filling the judicial chairs. This is a point in the proposed instrument, which should be weighed carefully before final action can be taken, and hence we complain of the insufficiency of time accorded for deliberation and the inopportune moment selected for its determination. We are aware that there are good grounds whereupon to base objection to the system of electing judicial officers by popular vote, and yet these are as applicable to a similar method in creating executive functionaries. But again, a dependency upon [illegible] voice of the populace. In fact, as far as corruption is concerned, we believe the more extended the exercise of scrutiny, the less liable we are to consummate an act of predetermined fraud. It is by far an easier job to corrupt, by bribery or other sinister means, a limited assemblage than an entire community—at least so one would judge, taking his individual opinion as a standard for action.

A WELCOME TO AN INVADER.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is a literary periodical, published at Boston, which was established some five years after the CLIPPER set sail. Boston is conceded to be the Hub of the Universe; but it is not determined with exactness whether the *Atlantic* makes the Hub or the Hub the *Atlantic*. Be that as it may, the Boston child's dream of ambition is now triangular: to descend from the Puritans, write for the *Atlantic*, and go to Heaven. On a pinch he would consent to forego the latter boon.

The publishers of that magazine are, withal, wise men in their generation, and, in prospecting the placer of intellectual wealth, they never hesitate to crack any quartz which they think contains a saleable gem. The *Atlantic's* grandfather, for instance, had a peculiar fondness for slashing off the ears of Quakers, in the name of religion. Such conduct was sanctioned neither by morality nor the rules of the prize ring. Now, however, the Puritans do much love the Quakers, and so it comes to pass that their silver toned poet—the quaint Quaker, Whittier—slingeth ink for the *Atlantic*. Agassiz, who has a speaking acquaintance with antediluvian fishes and beasts, doth likewise show an occasional "fin" in the same quarter. College professors, azure-stockinged ladies, mighty parsons, erudite students, musty bookworms, scholarly essayists and ranting politicians have, from time to time, contributed each their quota to fill the pages of our Boston neighbor. But the wise publishers saw that something more than all these things was called for. They found that the great public lived in the living present; that it wouldn't do for a man fresh from St. Louis to tell his friends that some crusty judge out there attributed Shakspeare's works to Bacon, and neglect to give them any items concerning the present appearance of Mike McCool. With commendable taste, therefore, Messrs. Tickner and Fields engaged Dio. Lewis, the gymnast, and Dr. Winship, the strong man, to bear up the weightier articles of their monthly. Then came a readable paper on Negro Minstrelsy, which we were obliged to correct in some minor details, but which was, in the main, good. And now, in the May number, we find an article on "The Turf and the Trotting Horse in America," from which, for the benefit of our readers, we reprint in another column certain extracts having reference to turf matters which occurred before the CLIPPER came into existence. The latter portion of the article, however, is but a rehash of what has already appeared in our turf reports, and we therefore omit it. Our Boston neighbor is making rapid invasions upon ground which has been heretofore monopolized, to a certain extent, by the CLIPPER. But we offer to this new-comer the right hand of fellowship. It is our province to collect *all* the sporting and dramatic news each week. We have no time to prepare deftly worded essays on the turf, the ring, or the stage. We assign this duty to the talented invaders of the field. We expect shortly to find in the *Atlantic* articles with such titles as these:—"Samuel Collyer, Anatomically Considered," by Dr. O. W. Holmes; "Mr. Barney Aaron and the Norsemen Fighters," by Prof. Longfellow; "M. McCoole and M. Thiers, or the Ring and the Rostrum," by Charles Sumner; "Concerning Blows Below the Belt," by the Country Parson, etc. Ourself the pioneer in the cause of physical and sporting education in this country, we hail with complaisant satisfaction such conversions as that of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

NICK.—A man of woman born who likes not shad should be in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, so to speak. With the return of spring, and, by the way, it has been a long time on the way, North River shad of the first water have made their appearance in the metropolis, and, as we write, a pair of beauties lie before us, brilliant in their silvery scales, and saying, as well as shad can say, "come and eat us." These delicious arrivals from the North River are specimens of many like them to be found at the stands of Wm. H. Moschette, 310 and 311 Washington Market, New York.

PARADISE.—The Illinoisians have been practically inclined to foster horticultural and agricultural pursuits, hence their State has been called "The Garden." Now they are on the eve of promoting the same sentimentally by running John R. Eden for Governor. Will Illinois then be considered the Garden of Eden?

AN OLD LADY, a reader of the CLIPPER, wants to know if firemen are liable to catch cold when their hose gets wet. This is the same queer lady who considers every Jerseyman who gets tight on apple jack an out-cider.

TEN MEN in this city represent a capital of fifty millions of dollars. That looks solid. But our whiskey interests are innumerable. *That* looks fluid.

IS IT BECAUSE "our Jim" wears a hat with a nap on it that he is always so sleepy?

BASE BALL.

PICKED NINE MATCH—NEW YORK VS. BROOKLYN.

The match playing season of 1868 was inaugurated at the Capitoline Ground, Bedford, L. I., on Thursday, April 23. A picked nine match between players selected from the Union, Mutual and Active clubs of New York, and the Atlantic, and Eckford clubs of Brooklyn, was arranged to take place several weeks ago, but was postponed two or three times on account of the weather. The match was gotten up by the Cleveland Brothers, the well-known caterers at the Capitoline Ground, to inaugurate the season: and it it had been carried out as originally intended, would have been a success. As played, it was simply the best players in the Mutual and Union clubs against four of the Atlantics, three of the Stars, one of the Eckfords and one of the Excelsior. Kelly and Walker of the Actives were the absentees on the New York side, their places being filled by Swandel and Shreve, of the Mutuals.

Thursday, April 23, turned out to be a fine day, although shortly after the contest commenced a rain storm seemed imminent, but fortunately it held off till the close of the game. At an early hour people began to pour into the ground quite fast, although the tax was unwisely put up to 25 cents, instead of ten. At 3 o'clock, when the game commenced, eight hundred or a thousand persons were present, including quite a sprinkling of ladies. Chapman, of the Atlantic, having been chosen umpire, no time was lost in getting to work. It was soon noticeable that while most of the New Yorkers handled the ball with as much facility as though they had been playing all winter, the Brooklyn players were somewhat rusty. Owing to this cause, the score soon assumed a one-sided appearance, 19 to 5 being the totals at the end of the third innings, with the Mutual-Union stock considerably above par. Apparently not at all satisfied with this state of affairs, the Brooklyn "bulls" began to work a "corner" on the New York stock, the result of which was that for the balance of the game the "bears" had to take a back seat, being able to make but one more run. The Brooklyn players made nine, vastly improving the looks of the score, which at the end stood 20 to 14. What little good playing there was stood out in such strong contrast to the poor display of the majority, that two or three are deserving of special notice. Flanly, Bearman and Devyr worked together nicely on the New York side. Macdiarmid, Rogers and Macdonald excelled in fly catching, the former getting five in his usual style. Mills and Chauncey made a couple of handsome foul catches, but Charley was rather rusty, as also was Start at first base. The score is appended, and includes outs, runs, bases on hits and left on bases:—

NEW YORK.	H.	L.	E.	R.	L.
Pike, 3d b	2	4	3	0	
Wright, c	3	1	3	2	
Flanly, 2d b	3	3	6	2	
Sheily, c. f	3	1	1	1	
Devyr, s. s	3	1	4	2	
Pabor, p	4	2	1	0	
Bearman, 1st b	4	2	2	2	
Swandel, l. f	3	3	1	0	
Shreve, r. f	2	2	0	1	
Totals	27	20	21	6	

BROOKLYN.	H.	L.	E.	R.	L.
Start, 1st b	3	1	3	2	
Macdiarmid, 2d b	4	1	4	1	
Mills, c	4	1	4	1	
Zettlein, p	4	1	1	1	
Klein, r. f	2	3	1	1	
Worth, s. s	2	3	0	0	
Chauncey, 3d b	1	1	1	1	
Rogers, c. f	2	2	3	0	
Macdonald, 1. f	3	0	2	2	
Totals	27	14	17	8	

INNINGS	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th.	
New York	2	3	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	—20
Brooklyn	2	0	3	0	3	0	2	4	0	—14

Struck out—Shreve, 1; Zettlein, 1. Fly catches—Pike, 2; Flanly, 1; Sheily, 1; Devyr, 1; Pabor, 1; Swandel 3—Total 8. Macdiarmid, 5; Mills, 3; Worth, 2; Rogers, 3; Macdonald 2—Total 15. Out on fouls—New York, 7; Brooklyn, 5. Passed balls—Mills, 5; Wright, 3; Bases on called balls—Klein, 3; Chauncey, 1. Umpire—Mr. Chapman of the Atlantic Club. Time of game—Two hours.

OPENING GAME OF THE IRVINGTON CLUB.—On Thursday, April 23d, the crack club of the "Jerseys" inaugurated the season at their favorite sport by a practice game on their enclosed ground at Irvington. The nine were on hand, Stockman and H. Campbell being absent. The field were allowed four outs, and being pretty strong, succeeded in getting the best of the first nine—or eight, rather, as only that number were engaged against the ten on the field side. A number of interested friends of the club were on hand, and after four innings' play the game was called on account of the rain. The score is as follows:—

IRVINGTON.	O.	R.
Mills, 3d b	3	0
Walters, p	2	1
Lyons, c	2	1
Reans, 2d b	2	1
Crawford, s. s	2	1
Buckley, c	2	1
Lewis, l. f	1	0
M. Campbell, 1st b	1	2
Total	12	7

FIELD.	O.	R.
Bailey, p	2	2
Sadler, 1	2	1
Conner, c	3	1
J. Gamble, 2d b	2	2
Chapman, 1st b	0	4
McClatchy, s. s	2	0
Durand, r. s	3	0
Simons, c. f	0	2
J. Forram, r. f	0	0
J. Williams, 3d b	2	1
Total		18

Umpire, Mr. Williams. Scorer, J. Bergelis.

BASE BALL IN CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati Nine opened play on the Union Grounds on Saturday, the 18th ult. A very strong nine was pitted against the "Red Stockings," and they were themselves rather weak. Howe and Storer, two of their best men, being absent, and Brainard, the new second base, not having arrived. Prentiss, King and Ringwalt were the substitutes. The "Field" nine consisted of Dockney, Fisher, Leonard, Sweeny and Will Wright, from the Buckeyes; Brockway and Skiff, from the Live Oaks; Riemeyer, of the Great Westerns; and Taylor, of the Copecs, of Covington. Fisher wouldn't pitch against the Cincinnatis, not wishing to give them practice. For the same reason Harry Wright had Hatfield tossing on his side most of the time, while Dockney did the like favor for the field. This was the first regular game of the season for both nines, so that the boys were a little rusty, but there was some good playing. Sweesey's second base fielding was fine—in fact, his was about the only one who seemed perfectly up to the mark. Hatfield batted beautifully, as did Gould, the new first base of the Cincinnatis; while Dockney was very much bothered by the strange pitching, particularly while Harry was administering his "slows."

The game seemed a sure defeat for the field nine until the eighth innings, when they made a run of ten on Hatfield's pitching, placing them one ahead. They now went in to win, sending Fish to pitch, Dockney to catching, and Leonard to his favorite third. Fisher's swift ones were a little too much for the Red Stockings, whose education in both runs had been a little neglected, and consequently the only run made in the last two innings was one by Hatfield, even such a batter as Waterman striking out—Sweesy and Leonard counted two for the field score, thus winning the game by two runs.

There is no doubt that Fisher is one of the best pitchers in the country, and with Dockney to catch, the Buckeyes have a strong team right there. It is rumored about town that they have just had two new additions to their nine—Duffy, the late catcher of the Empires, of St. Louis, and another of the Irvingtons; they could not do better than make a move on it.

The reputation of the new players attracted an immense audience, the proportion of ladies being smaller than usual, owing to the cool weather. George F. Sands, President of the National Association, officiated as umpire. The score:—

FIELD.	H.	R.	E.
Brockway, s. s	3	3	3
Dockney, p	3	3	2
Skiff, c	1	3	1
Sweesey, 2d b	1	5	4
W. Wright, c. f	3	0	0
Leonard, 3d b	2	4	1
Taylor, r. f	3	2	1
Fisher, 1. f	4	1	1
Riemeyer, 1st b

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

MAY —Barney Aaron and Patsy Sheppard, $5,000, at 120 lbs.

—Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, $10,000 and the championship of America.

JULY 2.—Johnny Blackey and Hank McCotter, $1,000; the former at catch weight and the latter to be confined to 123 lbs.

AUG. 24.—Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards, $2,000, open for more, and the light-weight championship, at 124 lbs.

THE FEATHER WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

HOLLIWOOD DECLARED THE WINNER.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Just before going to press a telegram reached us to the effect that the fight between Hollwood and Keating for $5,000 and the feather weight championship was decided on Monday, April 27th. The battle commenced at noon, and after fighting two rounds Keating unfortunately broke his arm, and being unable to continue the battle after the third round, the referee, Billy Lewis, decided in Dick's favor. First blood, a draw. Time, ten minutes. We will give full particulars in our next issue.

SHORT BUT GOOD FIGHT

BETWEEN

PATRICK SHAUGHNESSY AND DAVY POWELL, OF ILLINOIS.

A lively little milling match for half a century a side afforded amusement for a select number of sporters from the Garden City and vicinity on Monday morning, April 20th, at the Rock Island Junction, about six miles from Chicago, Ill. The principals to the encounter were Pat Shaughnessy and Davy Powell, employees of the Bridgeport rolling mills The battle grew out of a chaffing match between them a few evenings previous, caused by Powell, who is a ponderous framed Welshman, and holds everybody and everything from the land of the shamrock in supreme contempt—declaring his ability to "whip any b—y Irishman in Bridgeport." The true Fenian blood of Shaughnessy took serious umbrage at this and he proposed to show that his opponent was reckoning without his host by a trial of strength, skill and endurance, adding a fifty dollar note to make it the more interesting. The "tip" was given to a few of the right sort, and the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the East on the appointed morning they proceeded in squads to the trysting spot. Arrived there, the ring was speedily erected and the men entered and disrobed, each being waited upon by a brace of mutual friends, while Fred Bussy accepted the post of referee. The crowd at the ring side numbered about one hundred in all, equally divided between Irish and Welsh, which fact, of course, gave rise to considerable partisan feeling, and it was feared several times that the mill would be ended by a free fight, *a la* Donnybrook Fair. At ten minutes past six the referee called "time," and the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Powell looked much the larger framed of the two and was evidently the better scienced, but the Irishman was the very personification of health and strength and possessed a pretty good idea of the art, and from his action it was plain that his blows would not lack steam. After cutting a few minutes to waste in cautious fiddling, the Welshman took the initiative with his larboard duke, which found a resting place on Pat's nasal ornament, the latter countering heavily on the ribs, the blow sounding like the crash of a pile-driver and inducing Powell to set down instanter. *First knock-down for Shaughnessy.*

1. Powell Came up as though dreading another visitation of Shaughnessy's right. Cries from Shaughnessy's corner of "How are you, Davy?" "How are the Hirish, now?," "Better go to your ma in Wales." Shaughnessy led off with his right on Powell's cheek, and the latter returned on the body. Some sharp sparring followed, when they closed, and in the wrestle Shaughnessy was thrown.

3. After a few feints Shaughnessy sent out his right and caught Powell full on the breast, knocking him completely off his pins.

4. Powell looked a little frightened, and advanced with an appreciable respect for the Fenian. Some pretty sparring opened the round, and the men fought to a close, in which Powell was undermost in the fall.

5. Shaughnessy commenced his task by shooting out his left and catching Powell's nose, they then fought to a close, and both down. The blood flowed from Powell's nose in a stream, and the claim of first blood was allowed Shaughnessy.

6. This round was long and uninteresting. Both men sparred for wind and fought shy of each other's claret. It was closed by Powell going down to avoid a swinging right-hander.

7. Short, sharp, and decisive work took place in this round. Powell got his second wind and went in red hot. After a few heavy exchanges they closed at half arm, and pegged away at each other's dial plate. In the struggle for the fall Shaughnessy was thrown.

8. Shaughnessy administered a terrific upper cut, which sent Powell heavily to the ground.

9. Powell began to show signs of weakness, which Shaughnessy perceiving, forced the fighting. A one, two, on the body sent Powell in a heap in his own corner.

10. Powell pale about the eyes, and bleeding from the cheek and nose; Shaughnessy firm and smiling. Powell led off feebly with his right, which was neatly stopped, and he reciprocated by a left-hander on the ribs. A close followed, in which Powell was heavily thrown.

11. Powell staggered up for his rations, which were served up in the shape of a right and left on the face and body, sending him to the earth.

12 *and last*—Powell endeavored to toe the scratch, but could scarcely reach it. He stood there all open, awaiting punishment, but Shaughnessy magnanimously refused to strike him. Powell's seconds perceiving his inability to further continue the fight, threw up the sponge. Time, one hour 40 minutes. Powell was conveyed to a wagon and taken to Chicago, accompanied by the crowd. His injuries are not very severe.

TESTIMONIAL TO JOHNNY DRUMGOOLE.

Except upon the occasion of the exhibitions given there by Billy Edwards and Barney Aaron, never before was the Broadway Opera House so completely jammed by the sporting element as on the night of the 21st ult., when Johnny Drumgoole made a call upon his admirers and the lattle fraternity in general. The delegation from the upper deestricks, where the beneficiary was reared and has hosts of firm friends, was, of course, greatly in the ascendancy, though there was a goodly representation present from other localities, where the "arts and sciences" are nurtured, and the absence of old, familiar faces was not very noticeable. The boys, "one and all," as Uncle Tovee would observe, were desirous of seeing how "Drum" could perform after his prolonged retirement from the boards, and a double attraction was afforded by the announcement that Sam Collyer had promised to wind-up with Johnny, and as he for one has the reputation of adhering to his word, it was fully expected that he would be on hand. The hall filled up rapidly after the doors were thrown open, keeping Akins, of Chanticleer notoriety, busy as a bee in handling the pasteboard, and a few minutes past eight o'clock Tovee started the music by introducing Mike McKenna, who, in appropriate costume, dished up an Irish jig, with trimmings in good style, and in response to an encore, gave a walk-around of a style peculiarly his own. He was followed by Farrell and Saunders in a boxing match. The latter was bent on forcing the pace from the word, but found his opponent a leetle too clever for him, and in changing his tactics to a test of wrestling abilities, he found himself over-matched in this respect likewise, Farrell sending him spinning to the edge of the stage after a brief struggle. In the three or four succeeding bouts Saunders had all the worst of it, his antagonist popping him to after time with scarcely a return, and finishing each by causing him to measure his length upon the boards, and in no delicate manner either. Saunders was game, however, and though pretty well shaken up by the severe falls he had received, and decidedly weak in the knees, he appeared willing to keep it up for an indefinite period, and at the finish wanted to doff the mittens and have a go with nature's weapons unadorned. The major portion of the audience were luckily opposed to such an exhibition under the circumstances, however, and so they shook hands and took a back seat. Those who cannot govern their temper sufficiently to take a pummelling in good part ought not to put on the gloves at all.

Next came a jig dance for a silver cup between Mike McKenna and Jerry McMullen, the latter young fellow making a more than usually fine display and being unanimously awarded the trophy, which Father Tovee presented with a few felicitous remarks, briefly responded to by Jerry. Mike is a good dancer, but by no means up to McMullen's standard, and on this occasion labored under the disadvantage of being shod in anything but appropriate fashion for a terpsichorean display of this character.

Young Stenson and Punch Morris came next, but why they were paired when so many others of Punch's calibre were present we can't understand. Stenson looked like a reed alongside of his burly-framed opponent, and kept well out of harm's way all the time, consequently neither party ran any risk of being hurt, and everybody was glad when the farce terminated. Young Glasgow—who if he ever had a christian name few are aware of the fact—and Hen. Bagley followed suit in a bout more tedious than the preceding, from the fact that the former was so "flushy" that he looked silly and acted still more so, to the disgust of the spectators. He should not have been allowed to go upon the stage in such a condition, and it's a pity he did not have some one opposed to him who would have administered what he most needed. Jim Riley next mounted the boards and attempted to tell, lyrically, of the "man who couldn't get warm," but it was a very weak effort, and had he not been so well known to the boys, who remember when he *could* sing very well, he wouldn't have got off so easily. Johnny Grady and "a friend, just arrived from Ireland," much taller than the "Connemara Ram," now boxed the compass and "made things hum" for the space of fifteen minutes, the elongated chap finding Johnny a little more than he had bargained for, and catching it right and left in the O'Grady's most vicious style, with guttural accompaniment, which showed that the lad from Roscommon meant it every time. Luke Gleason and Pete McGinnis, frequent mimic opponents and warm personal friends, again pulled on the gloves for a little of their favorite exercise, and gave an additional impetus to the ball by going to work with their usual vim, which, by the way, Luke don't look at all able to stand, and we think he would consult his own welfare by taking things mildly, if he must box at all. They are well matched and it was about an even thing all around. Pierson and Bray, a couple of fresh faces, were the next candidates for public favor, but they didn't adopt the right method of securing it, no science being exhibited and the set-to not even having the redeeming feature of a slogging match, they evidently having an aversion to anything but the easiest possible tapping, which don't suit the frequenters of such entertainments at all. If they want to make a name for themselves in that line of business they'll have to change their style of operations radically. The long looked for couple, Collyer and Drumgoole, were now introduced by the ex-Noble Arch of the Druids, who, after returning thanks in Johnny's behalf, retired, and Sam and the *beneficiaire* proceeded to put on the finishing touches. Drum being out of practice for so long a time appeared somewhat stale and was entirely too anxious, dashing in at once, but he found Sam guarded at all points, and in position to return with interest all he received. They had five rounds of the order short and sweet, though the work was quick and earnest in each, Johnny astonishing his friends by the activity he displayed, and Collyer showing that he had improved wonderfully in sparring ability since he first appeared in this city, making him now a more dangerous opponent than ever to encounter in the roped circle. The exhibition was very fine, indeed, and while proving that the confidence reposed in Drumgoole by his friends is not misplaced it had the effect of adding to the good opinion already entertained of Collyer as a model fighting man. They closed and shook hands amid a storm of deserved applause, and the assemblage dispersed, fully satisfied.

"SOAP" GETS ACCOMMODATED.—After sojourning in the metropolis a brief spell without anything turning up to suit his ideas, Tom McAlpine, *alias* "Soap," who has appeared five times in the orthodox circle, winning four and making a draw of the fifth, took his departure for the West a couple of weeks since, "seeking whom he might devour somebody." A few days since he met the man he was looking for, in the person of a novice named Boyce, at Detroit, Mich., and on the 22d ult., a match was made between them for $300 a side, to fight at catch-weight, in Canada, not more than twenty miles from Detroit, on the 5th inst. One hundred dollars a side is said to have been posted at the time of making the match, and the balance was to be tabled on the 1st inst. Jimmy Elliott and Johnny Mackey are mentioned as the intended esquires of the Clevelander, while the interests of the New Yorker will be looked after by Charley Gallagher and Tom Allen, probably. Both men are in training. Boyce in the neighborhood of the Forest City, and McAlpine at the Hamtramck race course, near Detroit. The former has never yet put up his hands in the ring, but he is said to be a hummer with the gloves, being well scienced and a hard, solid hitter.

RETIRED.—Sam Curry, for many years landlord of the "Old House at Home," located on the corner of Greenwich and Spring streets, has disposed of the old landmark and retired to private life, which the possession of several fleet-footed steppers, and a goodly share of this world's goods will enable him to enjoy.

JOHNNY HICKEY MATCHED.—For some time past the above-named light-weight, who defeated Jerry Noon's Novice and George Morton, and fought a draw with Mike Ford, besides receiving forfeit from Donnelly, Graham, Grady and Moran, has been sojourning in the far west, and has at last succeeded in effecting a match. On the evening of the 13th ult. articles were signed and a deposit of $100 a side posted for a mill for $250 a side between him and Harry Stebbins, of Memphis, Tenn. The conditions of the match are that Hickey shall whip Stebbins in fifty minutes or lose the money, and the battle was fixed for decision on May 2d, within fifty miles of Omaha, Nebraska. Henry Morgan has challenged the winner.

TURN-UP IN CHICAGO.—After the fight between the rolling millerites Shaughnessy and Powell on the 20th inst., a number of those in attendance repaired to Fred Bussy's saloon, on Archer street, and during the conversation which ensued, a wordy altercation arose between Bussy and a butcher named Bill McCrish, which ultimately resulted in a clinch and rough and tumble encounter. They fought for the space of half an hour, when Fred—who by the way we are told styles himself "Champion of the West"—was compelled to cry a go.

TESTIMONIAL TO YOUNG GLASGOW.—This big-little, brawny-armed lad from the land of the thistle and heather will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at 600 Broadway, on this (Tuesday) evening, April 28th. He's generally among the foremost in offering his services to help along a brother boxer, and this should induce them to return the favor by coming forward generously to his assistance. We are informed that Sam Collyer has given his word to wind up with the beneficiary.

USEFULNESS OF THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.—John L. Sheridan, brother to the General, was brutally assaulted by four men at Somerset, O., on April 13th, finding an expert in the manly art of self-defence, he knocked one down and kept the others busy until reinforcements appeared to his aid, and his assailants fled.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—Joe Goss and Harry Allen are already preparing for the contest for the belt and the £400 pending the issue. Joe was at last advices in the country, while Harry was getting himself into form at his own house, the Horseshoe Tavern, Manchester. The fourth deposit of £10 was to be posted on April 17th.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR MILL.—Barney Aaron entered upon his second course of preparation for his approaching battle with Patsy Sheppard, at his old training quarters in Weehawken, on Wednesday, 22d inst., Jack Sheffield accompanying him as his mentor. The weather last week was unsuitable to the purpose, but now that it has settled and we are promised a spell of clear skies and bright sunshine, the Star of the East can take his breathings in proper shape and with comfort. Sheppard has an exhibition at the Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, O., on Monday evening, 20th ult., but he would seem that Patsy's unlucky star had not yet set, for the entertainment was far from a success; in fact, a correspondent informs us that not one-half the hall rent was taken in at the box-office, which is to be regretted, considering Sheppard's ill-fortune in this vicinity. He left for St. Louis the following day, and was announced to take a benefit at Prof. Henry's Hall on Monday evening, 4th inst., where McCoole, Ryall, Trainor and others were expected to attend. Patsy will commence training near Cleveland in a few days, under the care of Johnny Mackey.

DOCKEEY PLACES HIMSELF RIGHT.—We are in receipt of a communication from Dockeey, the ball player, wherein he takes exception to the statement, made upon the authority of a correspondent, that he became involved in a quarrel with Patsy Sheppard during the latter's sojourn in Cincinnati. He states that the report is without the slightest foundation in fact, and that it was originated for the purpose of injuring him, professionally and otherwise. He says that he met Sheppard but once in Cincinnati, exchanged but few words, and those were of the most amicable nature.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—The third instalment of two hundred and fifty dollars a side in the match between Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards falls due at this office on Friday next, 1st inst., and the principals or their representatives will remember that the articles require the designated amounts to be deposited in the hands of the temporary stakeholder by four o'clock, P. M., on the day aforesaid. Collyer was traveling through the Jerseys with his combinati a last week, and Edwards was to have given an exhibition at Pottsville, Pa., on the 25th ult., but both are expected to be present at the time of staking.

OFF-HAND MILL IN THE CORN CRACKER STATE.—Barney Sharkey and Patsy Mooro, runners for rival railroads at Cincinnati, had an altercation a few days since, the latter threatening to throw the former, who is much the smaller man, overboard from a steamer. This Sharkey didn't fancy and immediately challenged Patsy to fight off the reel, and they at once adjourned to "Parlor Grove," about twelve miles from Porkopolis, on the Kentucky shore, stripped and went in rough and tumble. After twenty minutes battering the big 'un cried quits and Sharkey was proclaimed cock-of-the-walk.

TEDDY MCAULIFFE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The boxing division mustered strong at the Broadway Opera House on Saturday evening, 25th ult., to enjoy the sport and show their appreciation of the little up-towner, Teddy McAuliffe. Among those present were several who, though formerly regular fixtures at the sparring shows, have of late months given them all the go-by; prominent among the number being Tom the Boatman, who occupied a "private box" side by side with Jem Colbert; and as the pair were fairly overflowing with animation (?), they filled in the time "between acts" in a manner to keep the spectators in a constant roar of laughter. The hall was filled to repletion at a few minutes past eight o'clock, and Uncle Tovee proceeded to pair the "artists," introducing a send-off to Young Glasco and Bagley, who favored the on-lookers with a few stirring bouts which gave much satisfaction. They were followed by Murphy, the irrepressible, and "Dan O'Connell," neither of whom knew anything at all about the art and accordingly cut a sorry figure, although the very awkwardness of their movements created a deal of merriment. Johnny Grady next came on with Hen Bagley, his second appearance. Johnny is capable of making a very fine exhibition when he has a mind about him, which he hadn't on this occasion, and consequently Bagley made a show of him, which was his own fault. After these came a brace of kids, and they in turn were followed by Pat McGowan, an Irish comic singer who rendered a popular but exceedingly difficult song in a manner which "brought down the house," and he had to come again and yet a third time. He is a really fine vocalist and made a decided "hit," which few have ever done before him on such places. The landlord of the "Gem" was now "histed" upon the boards, and edified and amused the lookers-on by singing the favorite ditty "Poor Old Mike," accompanying the song with appropriate gesticulation, and doing it well, too. Johnny Carman and Johnny Grady were the succeeding pair, and though they had it pretty warm, it would have been much more so had the latter been straight; unfortunately it was marred by Johnny falling flat upon his face, cutting his lip severely. Billy McMullen then made his appearance for the first time in a long while, with Luke Gleason as an opposite. They made a very pretty set-to, though Billy was laboring under the disadvantage of a lame leg, and couldn't perform as neatly as usual. Tovee now offered up thanks for McAuliffe, and introduced him and Billy Kelly for the wind-up, in which each did his prettiest, and as a consequence afforded the audience a fine treat, which they showed their appreciation of in the way most acceptable to the boxers.

THE KEATING-HOLLIWOOD MATCH.—It is altogether probable that ere these lines are perused by the public the engagement between Dick Hollwood and Johnny Keating will have been definitely settled in the orthodox circle. Keating was released on $2,500 bail on the 20th ult. and immediately followed Holliwood's example in proceeding to a village in the neighborhood of Lavonia Springs, back of Covington, Ky., and beyond the jurisdiction of Judge Murdock, the Great Mogul of the Cincinnati courts. They at once recommenced training, and at last accounts were in superb condition and more eager than ever to decide the matter by a tussle within the ropes. All was quiet along the Ohio and it was thought certain that the battle would take place on the 27th ult., and perhaps as we write this it is numbered among the events of the past. The notice given the affair by the arrest and imprisonment of the principals and the unjustifiable action taken by Judge Murdock, has had the natural effect of increasing the general desire to witness the mill, and it was anticipated that a very large number of spectators would be present at the ring-side. A number of prominent citizens of Cincinnati had expressed their intentions of satisfying their curiosity by making the trip, and it is stated that Prosecuting Attorney Thomson was strongly in favor of adjourning the Court in order that he and his legal brethren might have an opportunity to witness the controversy between the modern gladiators. The postponement had given an impetus to the betting market, and during last week speculation was very lively, generally at even, though occasionally the offer of odds would be heard upon each party.

CHANGED HANDS.—Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, formerly owned by the Taylor Brothers, the well known pigeon shooters and sporting men, has been purchased from them by the Lelands.

THE BLACKEY-M'COTTER MATCH.—The principals to and others interested specially in this engagement between Empire State boys, will bear in mind that the second deposit of one hundred and fifty dollars a side must be staked at this office on Friday afternoon, May 1st, before four o'clock, P. M. A final stakeholder must likewise be chosen on that day.

THE COBURN-MCCOOLE MATCH.—The principals to this important match for the championship honors continue hard at work, and good reports come to us from their respective training quarters, showing that each is giving due attention to the matter. Coburn unfortunately had some difficulty with his trainer, Frank McIntyre, a few days ago, which resulted in the latter packing up his traps and leaving, since which time Joe has been accompanied in his walks by Charley Earl, of "Nautilus" and moustache notoriety, and had the services of Ben Hogan to do the requisite rubbing down. Mike Trainer and Bill Blake are still looking after McCoole, who is quite as confident as Joe of the battle resulting satisfactorily to him.

STABBED.—After the exhibition for the benefit of Teddy McAuliffe on Saturday night, 25th ult., Luke Gleason became involved in a quarrel with some unknown. Words finally changed to blows, and during the melee the latter drew a knife and cut Luke severely in the face. Although severe, no danger need be apprehended.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Johnny Walker (2), Butt Riley, Rockey Moore, Dooney Harris, Johnny Blackey, Sam Collyer and Abner S. Brady.

TURN-UP BETWEEN BARNEY AARON AND JOHNNY DRUMGOOLE.—The pugilistic fraternity of the metropolis and vicinity were thrown into a fever of excitement on the 26th ult., by an encounter, not altogether unexpected, which transpired at Weehawken, N. J., on the afternoon of that day, between Barney Aaron and Johnny Drumgoole. Ever since these men were matched, several years ago, there has been considerable ill-feeling between them, though it seldom showed itself; but the difficulty in question did not arise from this cause, but from a failure, it is alleged, upon the part of Barney to fulfill a promise voluntarily made in reference to "Drum's" recent benefit at 600 Broadway. This naturally incensed Drumgoole, and while on a visit to Barney's training quarters on the day aforesaid, in company with some friends, he incidentally alluded to the fact indirectly, but in a manner which left no doubt on Barney's mind of his exact meaning. The latter made a reply which was couched in anything but choice language, and brought on a rejoinder from Drumgoole in similar strain. To make a long story short, after the exchange of a few more angry words, Barney struck Johnny, who instantly clinched him, and a rough and tumble fight ensued, which, while it lasted, was of a desperate character, but mutual friends separated the combatants after they had been at it a few minutes, and before either was much injured. The affair occasioned a deal of commotion in the vicinity, and had Aaron not made himself scarce we might have been called upon to chronicle a more serious affray, as a number of Drum's friends, who afterwards heard of it, threatened dire vengeance against him.

MILLING FOR A PURSE.—A fine contest took place on the 7th ult. between young Joe Baldock and E. Hart, for a purse given by a frequenter of the Five Inkhorns. A much frequented spot was soon reached, and the roped arena pitched by Puggy White, Hopkins and M'Kay attending upon Baldock, and Mickey Gannon and Bob Furze upon the Israelite. At a few minutes past two the men put up their hands, and in the very first round Hart gained the first event. There was no perceptible difference in the first twenty-five rounds contested, when the proceedings were put a stop to by the police, and the referee, an old ringgoer, gave the order to repair to another spot. The fresh ring was quickly arranged, and after twenty-two more rounds, in which Hart took a decided lead, Baldock's seconds, seeing his chance gone, threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, and Hart was hailed the winner. The contest in the two rings occupied one hour and thirty-three minutes.

A BASE FABRICATION.—In a letter before us Tom Allen denies *in toto* the truth of the statement made upon the strength of a challenge over his name, that he desired to get on a match with Jimmy Elliott. He says he was unaware of such a challenge having been sent, and that he had not the remotest idea of trysting conclusions with the Athlonian or any one else until the fight for the championship is decided, when he will hold himself in readiness.

KIT BURNS IN COURT.—The Mirabeau of the Fourth Ward, Sir Christopher Burns and Charles Barry, were arraigned before Justice Dowling, at the Court of Special Sessions, last week, charged by Henry Bergh, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with having had two dogs engaged in fighting at the pit in rear of the premises 273 Water street, on the night of the 18th ult. W. F. Howe appeared as counsel for the prisoners, and asked that the case be sent to the Court of General Sessions, on the ground that Justice Dowling was an honorary member of the society mentioned, and must necessarily be an interested party; consequently he objected to the trial proceeding with members of the prosecuting organization before the bar and behind the bench. After some discussion, which created a fund of merriment, it was decided to adjourn the case until Tuesday, April 28th.

A COMPLIMENTARY FOR THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES.—On Thursday evening, April 30th, the term of the present lessee of the Broadway Opera House, a few doors below Houston street, will expire, and the occasion will be marked by a testimonial benefit to Uncle Tovee, the proprietor having generously tendered him the use of either the upper or lower hall for that purpose, "free gratis for nothing." The old gentleman works hard for the boys, day and night, and deserves a substantial benefit, which we hope the fraternity will see to it that he has. As the time is very short, rendering it impossible to properly advertise the exhibition after the usual method, it behooves all who know the "old man eloquent" to do what they can for him virtually among their friends, and the sparrers to come forward cheerfully to his assistance on the occasion. Tom the Boatman will probably act as M. C.

THE HICKEN BROTHERS, Abe and Harry, are at present among the clouds of smoke which envelop the city of Pittsburgh, and are advertised to give an exhibition of their fistic culture at Wilkin's Hall on Fourth street, below Smithfield, on Saturday evening, 24 inst. Abe was to give the wind-up with Johnny Newell, Jimmy Hamill's trainer, who also had Sam Collyer in charge for his last encounter, and will probably perform a similar service for him in his approaching engagement with Billy Edwards. We understand Abe and Harry will return to the Forrest City after the exhibition.

ROOKE AND KELLY.—In answer to the challenge of George Rooke, the backer of Kelly in Philadelphia notified his representative here that he would match Kelly against the Providence man upon the terms of the latter's challenge, but as the parties here who had promised to find the needful for George changed their minds, the negotiations have terminated without anything being done, as Rooke refused to proceed with it otherwise, much to the disappointment of Kelly.

ROOM FIGHT IN LITTLE RHODY.—A couple of young fellows, named Bob Sellers, of Providence, R. I., and Pete English, who hails from the Monumental City, had an altercation a few days since, and to settle the matter they adjourned, accompanied by a number of friends, to Warwick, about a dozen miles south of Providence, where they proceeded to exchange fistic favors in a room. The authorities obtained wind of the skirmish, however, and brought it to an abrupt conclusion, after the men had been battering away at each other for the space of some forty-five minutes, and both were severely punished. The principals were arrested and committed to jail in default of $3,000 bail each.

The English mentioned above is Mike Carr, who beat Horatio Bolster, was beaten by Sam Collyer and Billy White, and had a turn-up with Mike Corcoran.

BUTLER THE DOG MAN ARRESTED.—Mr. Bergh and his colaborers appear to be turning their attention to the canine fancying fraternity with a vengeance. One day last week, Francis Butler, dealer in dogs, was arrested for clipping the ears of a dog, charged with cruelty to animals. Mr. Butler is desirous of making this a test case, and was released after a hearing, upon $300 bail to stand trial.

PEDESTRIANISM.

ONE MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

PLUMB WINS AGAIN, DEFEATING M'KINSTRAY, NUTTALL AND ROGERS.

TIME 4 MINUTES 23½ SECONDS.

On Friday, April 10th, the admirers of pedestrianism in the Cotton Metropolis enjoyed a rare treat on the occasion of the race for the One Mile Championship at the City Grounds, Manchester, Eng. The *Sporting Life* says:—"The idea of giving large and substantial prizes was developed by the late George Martin when he inaugurated the Royal Oak Park Grounds four years ago. Determined upon satisfying the public as to who was really the one mile champion, he gave a magnificent gold cup and valuable money prizes to the winner, and the contest took place at the 'Oak' on August 19, 1865, the men engaged being Lang, Richards, M'Kinstray, Sanderson, Stapleton, Albison, Mower, Neary, Nuttall and Mills. On that occasion Lang and Richards made a dead heat, amidst tremendous excitement, the time being 4min. 17⅘sec., which was then, and still continues to be, the *shortest time on record*. The dead heat was run off the week afterwards, when Lang defeated Richards easily, and the trophy has ever since remained in the Cowcatcher's possession, the latter claiming a lien upon it for money owing him by Martin at his death. The 'Oak' came into the possession of Mr. J. Cooper, who also gave a gold cup, value 80 guineas, as a champion challenge trophy at one mile, and on June 1, last year, M'Kinstray beat a large field in hollow style, and thereby became possessor of the cup and title. Immediately afterwards young John Fleet, of Manchester, threw down the gauntlet to the above Scotchman, and the pair met on July 22, 1867, when the young 'un won cleverly. The veteran Lang then put in a claim for the prize, and he, Fleet, and Neary joined in a sweepstakes, which came off on September 14, 1867, when Fleet again proved the victor and the absolute owner of the trophy, he having won it twice in succession, the condition upon which it was given. From that time until now the championship has been in abeyance; but determined to keep the game alive, and to give an impetus to the sport, Peter Waddacor (the proprietor of these grounds) and a few well-known admirers and supporters of pedestrianism a short time ago announced their intention to give another prize for competition at one mile, together with £50 for the first prize (along with the cup), £15 for the second, and £5 for the third. The trophy is the largest and most valuable ever contended for in a pedestrian arena. It is a massive solid silver two-handled cup, richly and elegantly chased, and is capable of holding one gallon and a half. Engraved upon it is the following: "Challenge Cup, Grounds, Manchester One Mile Champion Cup, given by Messrs. Peter Waddacor & Co., on April 10, 1868." The conditions are that the winner shall hold himself in readiness to run any one who may challenge him, in six weeks from the date of the said challenge, but for not less than £25 a side, and the holder of the cup will have to deliver it into the hands of the proprietor four clear days before such challenge race; another proviso being that any other men may enter the race by paying the same stake—£25 each; in fact any number of men may claim to run if they sign articles and stake £10 at the second deposit. Other stringent and necessary rules are also set down. The invitation was responded to by the following clippers:—J. Fleet, of Manchester; R. M'Kinstray, of Glasgow; J. Nuttall, of Manchester; and Bob Rogers, of London. All the lot underwent a careful preparation, Fleet being under the care of J. Greenfield, of Manchester; the Scotchman having the advice of Siah Albison; Nuttall under Bill Lang, whilst the cockney took his canters at George F. Finn's Canterbury. For several weeks past large books have been opened on the event, the following being the average prices:—6 to 4 against M'Kinstray, 2 to 1 against Fleet, 5 to 2 against Nuttall, and 10 to 1 against Rogers. On the eve of the contest, however, the Scotchman still further advanced into favor, and he was freely backed against the field. The eventful day witnessed the assemblage of several thousand persons, the interest excited by the affair being very great. The course was in fine condition, and being 800 yards in circumference, requires to be traversed twice, with the addition of 160 yards, to complete the required distance. The betting was as follows:—Evens Fleet, 2 to 1 M'Kinstray, 3 to 1 Nuttall, and 20 to 1 Rogers. A good start was effected, M'Kinstray cutting out the running, followed by Fleet and Rogers, Nuttall fourth. They ran in this order for 800 yards, when M'Kinstray went to the front, followed by Fleet and Rogers, Nuttall being last. For the next 400 yards the positions were unchanged, but then Fleet, coming out, took a commanding lead, held it to the finish, and won by twenty yards, M'Kinstray beat Nuttall, for second honors, by thirty yards. Rogers was last. Time, 4 min. 23½ sec. Mr. Waddacor was referee.

EIGHT MILES WALKING MATCH.

On Wednesday, April 6th, says the *Sportsman*, between 700 and 800 persons paid for admission into the Hackney Wick Grounds, London, Eng., to witness a walking match of eight miles, between George Davison, of Hoxton, and James Miles, of Brixton, for £25 a side. Both men are so well known that it is unnecessary to enumerate their performances on the present occasion, further than to remind our readers that the same men contested twelve miles on the 10th of February last, when, after a terrific race, Davison succeeded in winning by half a yard only; the time for eight miles on that occasion being 63min 46sec, and of the whole distance 1h 42min 32sec. The men toed the mark at five minutes past six, and on being told to go they dashed away at a rattling pace, each doing his best to hold the foremost position, and at the end of the first lap Davison was leading by a yard only, which position he maintained to the finish of the first mile; time, 7m 20sec. In the second mile the Brixton man succeeded in getting in front, but was shortly after repassed by his opponent, who finished two yards in advance; time, 15min 34sec. In the following mile each alternately led; time, 23min 36sec. Miles was now leading by a couple of yards, which he retained throughout the next lap, when Davison shot past; only for a moment, however, as Miles again collared his opponent, and took a lead of two yards, which he held to the finish of the fourth mile; time, 32 min. 5sec. Despite the efforts of Davison, Miles still forced the pace, although he could not draw more than two or three yards in advance. Up to the finish of the sixth mile these positions were retained, when a terrific spurt was made by both men for some 300 yards, after which Miles allowed Davison to hold the lead until the close of the seventh mile. At this point Miles again rushed past his opponent, but was quickly collared by Davison, who retained the lead until seven miles and a half were gone over, when Miles again got in front, after a severe struggle. The Hoxton man, however, would not be shaken off, and in the last lap he led by about a yard. Passing the Pagoda for the last time both were level, and raced stride for stride until within twenty yards of the tape, where Miles forged slightly ahead, and appeared as if he would hold it to the finish, but Davison, getting up in the last stride, managed to make a dead heat of it, the spectators being in a state of wild excitement. The following table will show the time for each mile throughout the race:—

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
First mile	7	20	Fifth mile	41	18
Second mile	15	34	Sixth mile	48	16
Third mile	23	56	Seventh mile	56	29
Fourth mile	32	8	Eighth mile	64	37

H. Woodstock officiated as referee, and W. Price as timekeeper.

TOPLEY'S FIFTY MILE WALK.—The feat of Walking fifty miles in ten hours, which George Topley has been matched to perform, is at present the theme of converse in sporting circles in this neighborhood. The reputation achieved by Topley at home, where he vanquished all his long distance opponents and eclipsed even Charley Westhall's celebrated feat of walking twenty-one miles in three hours, caused his successful performance of his present undertaking a foregone conclusion in the minds of those who are posted in such matters, but it must be remembered that "there's many a slip," &c., and there are those who say that the backers of Father Time may find themselves the gainers by the investment after all. Topley is in excellent condition, and has become pretty well accustomed to the Fashion Track, L. I. where he has been taking his exercise for sometime, and where the feat will be attempted, providing weather and track are favorable, on Monday next, May 4th, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M., and finishing at 7 o'clock P. M.

WALKING MATCH IN QUAKERDOM.—We are informed that Johnny Lazarus, of Philadelphia, has matched a lad from London, Eng., named John Oddy, to walk seven and one quarter miles inside the hour, for $250 a side, Mr. Kirk, of the Manchester House, backing the scythe bearer. The feat is to be attempted at the Suffolk Park course, near that city, on Tuesday, May 5th. The pedestrian mentioned is the same whom offers were made sometime ago to back against any man in the country, bar Topley, and possesses the reputation of being a first-class walker. On the same day and upon the same track a 150 yards handicap foot race for a massive silver cup will take place. The trophy is now on exhibition at Johnny Lazarus', the Currency House, 106 North 6th street, where all persons desiring to compete may enter their names by paying one dollar each.

ONE HUNDRED MILE WALKING MATCH.—On Friday, 24th ult., articles of agreement were drawn up and signed in due form at Boston, Mass., between Timothy A. Scott and Mr. Joseph McEttrick, who agree to walk one hundred miles, fair heel and toe, for "one thousand dollars and the championship of New England," at the Riverside or Mystic Park, June 17th, the men to be on the ground between three and four o'clock P. M. One hundred dollars a side is now in the hands of J. Bartley McGuire, stakeholder; the second deposit of $250 a side has to be forthcoming on the 12th inst., and the third and final of like amount, must be put up on June 9th. The protocol is witnessed by James A. Scott and Daniel Mitchell.

GOOD TIME FOR A LAME MAN.—A number of the friends of Charles Rhodes, of Boston, Mass., who although lame is considerable of a walkist, recently made a wager that he could walk around the Common in sixty-five minutes. The feat was attempted on the 18th ult., when he accomplished the distance, more than four miles, in 48 min. 15 secs. We understand that he can be backed to walk five times around the Common in one hour inside, or eight times outside in two hours, for from $1,000 to $5,000. An answer through these columns will be attended to.

1,000 MILES IN 1,000 HOURS.—On Saturday at 12 o'clock, M., Young Miles and John Goulding commenced their feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand consecutive hours at the Congress Hotel Saloon, 92 Chatham street. The speculation will doubtless prove a paying one to the proprietors of the Congress. Messrs. Harris and Son.

P. S.—Miles and Goulding had completed their forty-eighth mile on Monday, April 27th, at 12 M.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP DIFFICULTY.

Melvin Foster has sent in to the stakeholder several specific reasons for his withdrawal from the game played in Chicago on the 8th inst., with John McDevitt. Foster maintains, first of all, that the decision as to the count rendered in the 59th innings, was not only incorrect, but in violation of the rule. He claims that the question not having been raised by his opponent, as required by the rules, but by an outside party, in clear defiance of the rules, the referee had no business to maintain it. McDevitt, it appears from all accounts, was leaving the table, well convinced that no count had been made, when a spectator called out that he had counted. This, it is charged, was clearly wrong; for, besides being an infraction of the rules, it placed Foster in the position of one who had to play, not a single man simply, but the entire audience. It would have been wrong even if McDevitt had counted; it was doubly wrong, because McDevitt by his looks and actions admitted that he had not counted. The position of the balls was such that McDevitt could best see whether he counted or not; and so near was he to them, that if he did not see the count, he must have heard the click of the balls. Another claim that Foster has, is this. Admitting that the referee was justified in entertaining the question as to count, he violated another rule in deciding as he did. Foster claims, that the referee, having shook his head and said he did not see the shot, should not have rendered a contrary decision—certainly, he should not have rendered any decision at all, without first consulting with the experts nearest

ON BROADWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Twas a sunny day on Broadway.
In a moralizing mood,
With the thronging crowd a hurrying by
At noon, alone, I stood.

Vice, with its jewels and brocade silks,
And Virtue in tattered gown
Jostled each other as by they went
Through the hot and dusty town.

Plenty went by with its smiling face,
Want with its sunken eyes,
Health showed itself by its ruddy cheek,
And sickness passed with its sighs.

Youth and old age—the merry and sad—
The rich and the poor and proud,
As in panorama, came and went
In the ever varying crowd.

And I said to myself, "if but only I
One half that is squandered had,
How many a poor and suffering heart
Would I make light and glad!

O worldly mortals, do you not see,
Or has wealth so dazzled your way,
That He will demand a strict account
Of your stewardship some day?"

And a feeling stole over me, calm and sweet,
As there, alone, I stood,
That each of us, albeit in a humble way,
Could do some little good;

Could relieve a want, remove some pain,
Turn some bitter into sweet;
When lo! as I turned away I saw
A pocket-book at my feet.

And a pallid man who was standing by,
Whom I had noticed before,
Picked up the book with an eager hand,
And hurriedly scanned it o'er.

"Stranger," said he, "I'll do it fair,"
And he opened the book to view;
"I am honest, thank God, if I am poor,
But I leave the city at two.

Now somebody 'll advertise this 'ere loss,"
And he counted, "Two, three, four, five!
There's a thousand dollars in this 'ere book,
As true as I'm alive.

But my mother is sick in Baltimore,
And it's time to be aboard—
Give me fifty dollars, my honest friend,
Take the book, and get the reward."

The holy feeling I spoke of came
Again through my peaceful soul;
I cast a look at that dutiful son—
His trousers were hardly whole.

His hat was seedy, his linen worn—
He looked very poor indeed;
And I thought of that mother, pale and wan,
In that far off city, in need.

And I said to the anxious stranger,
As I motioned him away—
"I shall take no mean advantage, here,
Keep the book yourself, I pray.

"When you reach Baltimore, my friend," said I,
With a slightly quivering lip,
"Take my advice and just invest
In a HERALD a five cent scrip—

And if your eye in the list of Rewards
On one for this should fall—
Be it two or three hundred, more or less,
You can send and claim it all."

Then with happy heart I sought to press
The dutiful son by the hand—
But he smashed my hat down over my eyes,
As he muttered "you be d——d."

J. H. B.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE THIRD.
THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.

CHAPTER X.
PECULIAR PEOPLE.

"Queer, very queer!"—MISS C. FARREN.

In Harwick, Essex, in the middle of the last century, a religious sect called the "Waiters" sprang into being. It is not, however, with the history of this sect, but with one of the sect who died not seven years since, that we have to deal. His name was Jonas Bagshaw, and he was sixty-two years of age, a widower with no children, and a fortune of upwards of thirty thousand pounds.

Twenty-five years before the date of this story he kept a sort of provision store or general shop, where he sold a curious miscellaneous collection of goods, ranging from Cheshire cheeses to mixed pins. He had done extraordinarily well, the neighbors said, by his trade, and some wondered why so rich a man should consent to grub away his life in an apron behind a counter.

Those, however, who knew the peculiar features of his religious doctrines, explained that this conduct was in accordance therewith, and that the "Waiters" took life thus easily, expecting that every day that dawned would be the last the world would see.

Beginning life with just money enough to keep him comfortably, had he so willed it, without work, he, more for a pastime than aught else, went into trade. Being of vulgar tastes and small ambition, he elected to keep a general shop, and without any trouble whatever he made a little fortune.

It is so often the case that those who do *not* help themselves God helps, and so while Jonas was sleepily filling his till, a remote relation was scratching and scraping together a large fortune, which, having collected, he left (involuntarily by dying intestate) to his unknown kinsman Bagshaw. Thus it fell out one fine day, when Jonas was selling a halfpenny bundle of firewood across his counter, the postman came into the shop with a lawyer's letter, which told him that he was heir to twenty-nine thousand three hundred and fifty-two pounds.

The receipt of such an epistle was surely calculated to astonish the generality of persons, even if it did not delight them. But Jonas said:—

"Of what good is all this to me? Of what avail is worldly wealth when the end is reached and all is chaos?"

The person to whom he made his remark replied:—

"Just so! Exactly!"

On casting up his accounts and balancing his ledger that evening—he always did this, not knowing, as he said, what the morrow might bring forth—Jonas Bagshaw found that he had so far, by his own exertions, or want of exertion, saved up the sum of six hundred and forty-eight pounds. Add to this the amount of his newly-acquired fortune, and you have a total of thirty thousand—enough surely to shut up shop upon. But Jonas Bagshaw had no such intention.

"What is the good?" he asked. "I will go on as I am to the end, which verily, I say unto you, is near at hand."

Several persons who had a good deal to say upon subjects generally, had plenty to say to him upon this. But when they had exhausted argument they left him, smiling secure in his own wisdom and unconvinced.

"I'll be as I am," he said, and went on with his shop-keeping as though nothing had happened. "I will hold myself in readiness—that is as much as I can do."

Some other members of the sect thought differently, among them Silas Wagstaffe—the chief expounder, shepherd or minister. There is no reason why Silas Wagstaffe should be accused of unworthy motives. Let us, on the contrary, ascribe his conduct to zeal on behalf of his church. At any rate he advocated the appropriation of a large portion of Jonas' spare capital to certain missionary works—to be conducted under his, Silas', direction. Jonas was not thoroughly convinced by his arguments, but yet "saw something in them," as he said, and promised to think the matter over.

"In a month or two, perhaps, if the world lasts so long," he said. "In the meantime I'd like things to go on as they are."

Therefore the shop kept open and Jonas behind the counter dawdled the day through, balancing his ledgers every night to find that he was some shillings richer than he had been the day before, but without feeling any pleasure at the discovery. At the period his distant relation bequeathed to him the large fortune I have mentioned he was not a widower. Mrs. Bagshaw was still alive—a thin and shrewy shrewish woman, whose tongue was very long, and whose voice was very shrill, and who, as the saying is, led Jonas Bagshaw a life of it.

It was no wonder, some of the neighbors said, that Jonas did not much care how soon the end of the world came, and indeed he had, now and again, a weary time of it. But there came a time when Mrs. Bagshaw's voice grew weaker, and then was hushed forever in death. After this, in the long winter's evenings, the little parlor behind the shop began to grow monstrously wearisome at times, and now and then Jonas was to be seen standing at his street door staring wistfully out into the darkness, finding a sort of companionship in the echo of distant footsteps, the pattering of the rain, or the oozing of a leaky water-pipe upon the house-side.

He had a shopman whom he took to live in the house during the time of loneliness, but they did not "hit it off" very well together, and one day, after a quarrel, Jonas kicked the shopman out and flung his wages after him into the gutter. Some months passed after this, and those who noticed him (he had been noticed a good deal since he had come into the money, and more particularly so since he had become a widower) asserted that he every day grew more melancholy and thinner, more cadaverous.

Brother Wagstaffe, noting these changes, said, "He's not long for this world, and when he is gone what will they do who come in for his money? will it go the right way?"

It was pretty certain it would not go the way of the Waiters, for what few relations Jonas Bagshaw had were of a different persuasion, and held the Waiters' belief in great abhorrence. The only chance then of getting any of the thirty thousand pounds was to get them while Jonas lived, and that would be a hard job it appeared. He still came very regularly to the Sunday meetings, and listened with exemplary patience to Mr. Wagstaffe's expoundings. Frequently the subject was charity and the good that might be done by the proper application of wealth. These discourses, however, went in at one ear and out at the other, for Jonas still kept his breeches-pockets tightly buttoned up, and when he put anything into the plate it was no more than his neighbors—a shilling, or a half-crown at most.

Thus things were going on, when one day a most surprising occurrence took place, well calculated to startle the decorous Waiters. The little chapel where they met together on a Sunday was a barn-like looking building, with no sort of ornament about it inside or out. The walls were plainly whitewashed; the seats were of deal unpainted, some were merely forms, and a few of the best had backs, but the backs were so straight and uncomfortable, anything like lounging was quite out of the question.

Mr. Wagstaffe preached without any sort of robe. He stood upon a little platform, and, upon a table in front of him, lay an open hymn book. His discourse was extemporaneous and of questionable grammar. The better part of the congregation was wholly composed of small tradespeople, and their dress, as may be supposed, was not of a very fashionable cut. If anything, the women looked more awkward and dowdy than the men; indeed, it is a part of the faith of this simple people to disapprove of worldly vanities and gay attire. Whether they also disapprove of good looks I cannot say, but all the female members of the sect that I have come across have been singularly plain.

They were, perhaps, at their plainest just at this particular epoch, and therefore it seemed as though a fairy had lost her way and strayed into the company, when one day the door opened, a beautiful, fair-haired lady, richly dressed in lace and velvet, walked meekly up the centre of the room, and modestly took her seat in a quiet corner where she might have supposed herself unobserved.

Such, however, was far from being the case, for there was not an eye, male or female, that was not bent upon her. Mr. Wagstaffe, at that moment giving out a hymn, stopped and stammered. As she advanced towards him he had some idea that she might want to speak to him, and paused in consternation. What could she want? It was a rare occurrence for any stranger to come to the chapel, and none of the gentry of the neighborhood ever ventured within its precincts.

The strange lady, therefore, was an astounding phenomenon, and the female Waiters found sufficient occupation throughout the sermon in devouring her dress with their eyes. It was a very beautiful dress, and became her wonderfully, but the female portion of the congregation did not seem to approve of it, at least if one might judge their sentiments by their remarks.

"What fal-de-dal fine lady was that?" one asked another on the way home from chapel.

"A dressed up popinjay."

"We don't want any of her sort here."

The male kind were inclined to be more charitable.

"She came there to pray, perhaps."

"Pray!"

At this monstrous notion the women snorted contemptuous unbelief.

"Pray, indeed! Her sort pray!"

One of the male kind here ventured to inquire what her sort might be, but by so doing the unhappy creature brought down upon his devoted head such a torrent of vituperation that he bitterly regretted his temerity. One person only in the chapel made no comment upon the subject. This was Jonas Bagshaw. Could that have been because it did not interest him? If such were the case it was nevertheless very certain he had scarcely for a single moment at a time removed his eyes from the fair visitor during the time she had sat opposite to him.

No, it was not because he felt no interest in the subject, as any observant person might have told, had he or she closely watched the worthy Jonas' behavior. As it was, however, everybody had been too busy watching the fair stranger to notice his movements. Nobody, therefore, observed that when she left the chapel he followed at a distance, and followed the length of a couple of streets. Then a neighbor plucked at his sleeve.

"Mr. Bagshaw!"

"Wh—wh—what?"

"I did not mean to startle you, sir. I was only going to ask you how you were. But I see you are in a hurry."

"A hurry—no!"

"You were going in that direction?"

"No—I was—I was going for a stroll. I'm going back now. Good day."

And thus incoherently expressing himself, Jonas took his departure, leaving his friend amazed.

"What does Jonas mean? What was the matter with him? Could it be—but that is impossible."

There must have been something the matter with him though, for several times next day he fell into thoughtful attitudes, and contemplated the stack of firewood with a dreamy eye. For the first time in his life he got a little bit weary of taking halfpence over his own counter.

"What a lot of fingering and fumbling of dirty coppers there must be before a pound is gained at this sort of business!"

Nobody could have believed that this remark was made by Jonas Bagshaw, but nevertheless it was. Time passed, and more surprising changes took place in Jonas' ways of thinking. Three mornings later, instead of the shop being opened at half-past seven o'clock, the shutters remained closed until nine. This very unaccountable state of things created great astonishment among the regular customers, who hammered until they were tired before they went elsewhere in search of their wares. Presently two or three of these customers met together in front of the door.

"Why, Mr. Bagshaw's shutters ain't down yet!"

"What's that mean, Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Well, Mrs. Saunders, ma'am, I can't christen it."

Just about nine Mr. Wagstaffe, coming by, found the shop still shut up, and a little crowd gathered about. Passing through the small assemblage, who made way respectfully, he in his turn knocked at the door, then getting no answer knocked again, and once again. There was no sound within the house. Mr. Wagstaffe stooped down and applied his ear to the keyhole.

"I hear nothing," he said.

Then he applied his eye to the same aperture.

"I see nothing," he said, and listened again.

But just at that moment the door opened suddenly, and he as near as possible fell on his nose. It was Jonas, who at last had responded to the summons, and who stood there very calmly and silently, looking very white and sick. The little crowd fell back a pace or two at sight of him, perhaps taking him for a ghost.

"What is the matter?" he asked very calmly.

Mr. Wagstaffe explained.

"Why, Mr. Bagshaw, do you know what time it is?"

"About nine, I believe."

"About nine, and the shop not opened! The shop boy has not come, I suppose?"

"He has been here; I gave him a holiday."

"And you expected some one else, who has disappointed you?"

"No."

"You expected nobody?"

"No."

"And you intend to take down the shutters yourself?"

"No."

Mr. Wagstaffe was puzzled by these replies.

"I don't understand," he said.

Jonas Bagshaw appeared not to understand exactly why he should be called upon for an explanation, and he replied rather coldly:—

"I don't intend to open the shop at all to-day."

"Not at all?"

"No."

Mr. Bagshaw did not seem inclined to afford any further information upon the subject, so Mr. Wagstaffe and the little company dispersed.

The next Sunday after the mysterious and beautiful stranger had created so great a sensation at the Waiters' chapel, she again made her appearance, and once more Jonas fell into a day-dream at sight of her. He was early at chapel and on the look-out. He started and blushed as she entered the door, and his agitation was so great that Mr. Wagstaffe, who was close to him at the time, could not help noticing it. As may be supposed, he was considerably astounded to see the strange lady come a second time; but his wonder upon that account was as nothing when compared to that exacted by the discovery of Jonas' sentiments.

"Is it possible?" he asked himself, and fell to thinking what was likely to come of it.

When the service was over he got a clue to coming events which he was far from expecting. The mysterious lady came to him, and with a sweet smile, and in a low, gentle voice, asked if she might call upon him during the course of the next day with regard to some subject about which she wished for his advice. Mr. Wagstaffe gave a gracious assent, and was in a fever of anxiety until the appointed time arrived.

The minister lived in a mean little cottage just outside the town. He was a bachelor, and managed to subsist somehow, and keep his chapel going upon the voluntary subscriptions of his flock. The old woman who acted as his servant opened the door for the lady visitor, and made a kind of half grimace of displeasure at the sight of her.

She was very beautifully and becomingly dressed, as upon the occasion of her first visit to the chapel, but this time her dress was more quiet and decorous. When she entered the room where the minister was sitting a certain soft and delicate perfume accompanied her. The old servant left the room with an indignant sniff.

"A cat!" she said beneath her breath.

This old woman disapproved of the fair visitor just as much as the other women had done at the chapel, though perhaps she would have been puzzled to account for her aversion.

"I trust, sir, you will excuse the liberty I am taking," the lady said, in her soft voice. "This is my card. I am stopping in lodgings in the town; and last Sunday, I am ashamed to own, it was merely from a motive of curiosity that I attended the place of worship at which you officiate. I was so much impressed by the truth of the discourse you delivered that I determined to come again, this time, I hope, with a better motive."

It would not be fair to the reader were I to relate at length the conversation which took place at this interview, which was a very long one; suffice it then to say that the result was this: Miss Featherstone, a lady of property, had determined to take up her residence for some months in Harwich for the good of her health. She was anxious to know whether without offence she could offer the use of her purse in the cause of the chapel. Then she made a number of inquiries respecting the various members of the congregation, and as it seemed to Mr. Wagstaffe more particularly about Mr. Jonas Bagshaw.

"They say he is very rich," she said, "and yet he has not got a very large shop. I went there the other day to purchase some small article."

When Mr. Wagstaffe heard this he smiled to himself, and when the lady had gone away, he racked his brains for the rest of the day, trying to think how he might benefit by the secret which he felt certain he had discovered. Perhaps he made other discoveries at the next meeting, for when he and Miss Featherstone parted she said:—

"We understand one another, I think?"

"Perfectly."

Poor Jonas! A man at his time of life, the female Waiters all agreed, ought surely to have known much better. But which of us does know better in these cases? And what is the age of wisdom?

The grocery was from this time more and more neglected. Now Jonas was only by the rarest chance seen in his shop, and the neighbors lost themselves in conjectures respecting his extraordinary conduct.

The people at the chapel also wondered and guessed. He missed coming three Sundays running, and the mysterious lady was absent too. Only Mr. Wagstaffe knew the truth, and he kept his own counsel. One day, though, it all came out. The general shop was to let, and the business to be disposed of. Mr. Bagshaw was married. And what was the name of his wife? She called herself Mary Featherstone, but perhaps she had had one or two other *aliases*, if the truth were told, during her strange career of secret crime.

CHAPTER XI.

STRUCK DOWN.

"All in a moment—like the lightning's flash;
And lay there blood, with his upturned face
White in the moonlight."

Upon more than one occasion Jonas Bagshaw had been heard to declare that he intended, now he had begun to enjoy himself, to have a good thirty thousand pounds' worth of enjoyment out of his thirty thousand pounds. This promised well for the young wife's pleasure, you will say. The question was to what extent did Jonas Bagshaw's notion of enjoyment carry him? Also, how long did he intend it to last?

At present the thirty thousand pounds yielded him an income of about one thousand a year. To Jonas this seemed enormous. Was the lady of a similar opinion? At any rate it would have seemed that she intended to make herself happy, and try and be satisfied with her lot. Jonas had belonging to him, about two miles out of the town, a quaint old country house. Hitherto he had looked upon it as too large for him, and too fine; but since he had been married he had had it repaired and beautified.

"We shall be cramped for space," he said; "but it will do."

There was a large and beautiful garden full of ancient trees and richly stocked with choice plants and shrubs. There was also a small park and some deer. Also a lake, the surface of which was here and there thickly matted with broad-leaved water-lilies. Upon its waters, too, swans glided gracefully, darting in and out of the sunlight which gleamed upon them through the interlaced branches of the trees overhead. Sometimes they ventured out of the lake as far as the French windows of the breakfast-room, where their pretty mistress mostly sat during the day if she were not walking in the garden or park. She was very happy.

"It is such a change," she said to her husband; "such a relief."

"Yes—yes, dear," he replied.

He did not understand her. He never understood her, for that matter; and it was only just at first—in the first few weeks of their married life—that he made any effort to solve the riddle. Then he began to take things for granted, and make himself as happy as circumstances allowed of. He was very much happier he soon found out away from the shop, and he muddled away his time playing at gardening, with great satisfaction to himself. As for so many years he had kept books, and ticked and totalled among his old plums and moist sugars, so at first he fancied somehow he ought to keep an entry of the household expenses. But as ill luck would have it, whenever he sat himself down to this work, something always occurred to call him off and distract his attention. After a while, therefore, the books fell into arrear, and got into a hopeless muddle, and at last he abandoned them altogether. At first he was a little startled by the way his wife spent the money. He had hitherto lived with such frugality and economy, parsimony if you will.

"Give me fifty pounds, dear," she said one day as though asking for sixpence.

"Fif—ty pounds!" he stammered, aghast.

"Yes."

"Do—do you want it?"

"Yes, yes; to be sure—of course. I should not ask if I did not."

"No—no, to be sure."

He ran away in a fright and got her the money.

"What a while you have been," she said, when he came back, tapping her foot impatiently as she spoke.

"Yes. I had to go to Harwich, you know, to get the check cashed."

"Oh?"

"I did not like to send any one for so large a sum."

"But hadn't you as much in the house?"

"As much? No; I never keep such a large sum by me."

"Large sum! What a fuss you make!"

And she crumpled up the notes in her hand, and turned away impatiently. Jonas would very much have liked to ask why she wanted it; but he did not dare. He thought she would think it so trumpery for him to do so. He did not like getting into an argument either upon this or any other subject. From the first he showed some timidity in his wife's presence.

It had taken him but a very short time to discover that he was much her inferior in wit. She often made use of words and phrases with the meaning of which he was entirely unacquainted; and he was desperately afraid that she should do so before strangers, and expose his ignorance. At first he had been wildly in love with this beautiful and superior being. Gradually the love was frightened out of him. An idea began to creep into his mind that somehow he had made a mistake; and with this idea came also another—he must make the best of it. She troubled herself very little about what he did or thought.

She occupied herself with her various pleasures, and lived so much apart that, after they had been married three months, a couple of days passed away without their meeting. Sometimes when she sat by herself brooding over the dying embers of the fire in her dressing-room—the year was far advanced now and the evenings chilly—her thoughts would take somewhat of this shape:—

"What good is this wealth to me while I am tied down here? When will release come, and how?"

Before long something occurred which seemed to indicate that release might not be so far distant as she supposed.

* * * * * * * *

As perhaps the reader has imagined, Mr. Wagstaffe expected to make a very good thing by the marriage. He had worked hard to help both parties, and he was not without hopes of getting his reward. Of course he would not have asked for a sum of money for himself. He put it delicately—the chapel wanted help. He expected some money to be given to him to spend upon the chapel, and he did not want any questions asked as to how the money had been applied. Therefore, when the wedding took place and the happy pair took leave of him, he was rather disappointed that neither Bagshaw nor his bride made any attempt to slip a bank-note into his palm.

When a week or two passed by, and though upon one excuse and another he wrote several letters to the lady yet had received no reply, he began to feel rather uneasy. As time rolled on and yet he was as far off the money as ever, he felt a great deal more uneasy still, and began at last to despair. As a means of bringing himself as much as possible before the lady's notice, and so gently jogging her memory, Mr. Wagstaffe busied himself as much as possible with her affairs. He called upon several tradesmen and executed small commissions for her, and fussed about a great deal, getting, however, but very small thanks for his trouble.

Among the various things that he did to make himself agreeable was to call several times at the lodgings the lady had occupied before her marriage, to make inquiries after a little brooch which had been mislaid. The brooch was of scarcely any value, and Mrs. Bagshaw would not have sanctioned the trouble Wagstaffe gave the landlady about it had she known what was taking place. On one of his visits the landlady handed him a letter which had come by the post, addressed to Miss Featherstone. The minister eagerly took charge of it.

"I shall take it myself," he said to the landlady; "no doubt it is important."

He hurried home to make some alteration in his toilet, and when he was dressed to his satisfaction felt in his pocket for the letter. But he could not find it. He searched again and again. He turned his pockets out. Then very dolefully he took off his Sunday coat and made his mind up to stop at home.

"But what's to be done?" he said to himself; "what on earth is to be done? How can I tell her what has happened? And if she finds it out from the landlady!"

He searched in vain for an idea, but could find no way out of his dilemma, and so the time passed away without his taking any steps to set matters straight. Six weeks went by thus, and then an awful event occurred. His servant and housekeeper one day began to pull to pieces one of Mr. Wagstaffe's old coats for the purpose of turning it. In the lining she found a letter. She brought it to her master, who nearly had a fit when his eyes fell upon the superscription. It was *the* letter. It had slipped down the lining, and he had thus overlooked it. It seemed to him now that he was in a worse fix than ever. What on earth was he to do? He could not give the letter to its owner, and confess to the idiotic bungling he had been guilty of.

What was to be done? Upon reflection he thought it would be best to destroy the letter, and there would be an end of the matter. It was not likely that the landlady of Mrs. Bagshaw's old lodgings would remember anything about it. No, it had better go into the fire. But before it was thus disposed of suppose—suppose he had a peep at its contents?

He certainly was a minister of the gospel, but then he was extremely anxious to learn all he could about the handsome lady. Decidedly he was a minister of the gospel, but then the door was locked and no one was looking.

"I will," he said.

And he did. The letter contained these words:—

"DEAR ESTHER.—I was delighted to see by the local paper that it had come off. You have made a good thing by this little business, or which you have to thank yours obediently. I hope you won't forget him altogether. I said to myself, when I read the news, 'This is better than being a governess to Mrs. Warrington, of Whate-its-name House, Fulham.' By the way, you will not be sorry to hear your old friend, Arthur, has gone altogether to the dogs. Thanks be to his obedient servant, E. D. I congratulate you, my dear. *What a life yours has been!* Believe me, with best love, your old admirer,

"EBENEZER DIGGS."

There was no address inside this epistle. Mr. Wagstaffe read it over and over again, and wondered more each time.

"Who writes to her like this? An old friend evidently, and he says he helped her to get her husband, for, of course, he alludes to the marriage."

Wagstaffe pondered.

"There's something more singular than that, though. What does this line mean, '*What a life yours has been!*'?"

Mr. Wagstaffe bit his nails as he thought this matter over.

"There's something rather curious about it," he said to himself. "There's certainly something rather strange in the expression. It may mean nothing, and yet it may."

He re-read the letter once more.

"There need have been nothing improper about her life for some persons to make such a remark, but then, from the tone of this letter generally, there's a mystery; that's certain. Now, how to find it out?"

There was the rub. However, he had something to start with. There was an address at Fulham. He turned to that part of the letter.

"'What's-its-name House.' That's vague. That can't be the real name. Confound him, what made him put that? However, here's another cue—Mrs. Warrington, Arthur Warrington. I can find the place out by personal inquiry."

The next question was, could he spare the time? It was Tuesday. He might get away for a couple of days in the middle of the week. Next morning saw him in the railway on his way to town. He went straight to Fulham, and asked at the White Hart, Walham Green, where the house was.

"Do you know?" asked the young lady behind the bar of some one standing by.

"To be sure. Down by the riverside. It's where the robbery was."

"Robbery!" said Mr. Wagstaffe; and the story was told to him.

He went as directed, to the house where Mrs. Warrington had lived, and learnt that she was dead, and that Mr. Arthur Warrington had gone away, no one knew where; probably abroad.

"And you cannot tell me where I can make any further inquiries respecting the family?"

"No, I cannot, though there is a Captain Wetherwell, who might know. He acted for Mr. Warrington respecting the sale of the lease of the house."

"Where is he to be found?"

After some trouble the address was procured, and Mr. Wagstaffe proceeded on his journey.

On reaching the captain's lodgings, he found him at home, but unwell. He sent up his name and was admitted. The old sailor he found seated at a table on which were a number of letters and papers, and all sorts of odds and ends he had been unpacking from a desk. Among them was a portrait, which lay face up wards upon the table.

"Take a seat, sir; take a seat," said the captain. "I'm rather busy setting some things straight. What can I do for you?"

"I have taken the liberty of calling, sir, as I learnt you were a friend of Mr. Arthur Warrington."

"Yes, yes; nothing fresh, I hope? Not in any scrape?"

"I have come to inquire him. The fact is, I wish to make some inquiries respecting a young lady."

"O, a woman is it? Ah, that sort of thing has been the ruin of poor Arthur. They're the ruin of all of us, sir. The poor friend whose little odds and ends these are, went mad about one. 'Gad, she was enough to drive a man mad, too. She was a devil! That's her portrait."

He took it up as he spoke and looked at it, and laid it down with a sigh.

"It was about a lady of the name of Featherstone who had an engagement some time ago as companion to Mrs. Warrington."

"Yes, yes; she left when the lady died."

"Can you tell me anything about her?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, where she went to; how long she was with Mrs. Warrington, and the name of the lady she lived with before?"

"Unfortunately, I can give you very little information as to Mr. Arthur Warrington might know more, but at present I could not give you his address. I do not know where she came from or where she went to. She did not apply to Mr. Warrington as a reference after she left."

"Perhaps she had means of her own, and did not take any other situation?"

"I do not think she had any money; I believe not."

While speaking the Captain had once more taken up the portrait, and was looking at it with a puzzled expression, now and again covering a part of it with his hand and twisting it about in different lights. Mr. Wagstaffe, meanwhile, was fidgeting with his hat. He did not know what to ask next, and was afraid he must now take his leave. Suddenly the Captain exclaimed:—

"Do you know the lady you are speaking of personally?"

"Yes. I wanted to find out where she was. I am a distant connection."

"Look at this picture, then."

Wagstaffe looked and started.

"That's her likeness!" he exclaimed.

"So it is, by heavens! and the idiot I was not to know it before."

"But—but you said just now that it was the portrait of a woman who had driven a friend of yours mad."

"So it is."

"But——"

"Can't it be both? D—n it, what a fool I've been! You're a distant connection, you say? Pray, sir, has Miss Featherstone ever been in prison?"

Wagstaffe was dumbfounded.

"Impossible! I—I——"

"This woman has. I saw her there myself. I'll take my oath of it!"

"When?"

"About three years ago."

"Since she was in Mrs. Warrington's house?"

"No; before."

"Before? And yet——"

"I'll tell you how it was. When I paid a visit to the prison I went out of curiosity, with some friends; that is all. I had been carrying about this portrait for some time, for I had not then given up all hope of tracing out the woman who had behaved so atrociously to my poor friend. I made certain it was her at the time, for I compared her face with the picture. I had never before seen the woman myself.

"Shortly afterwards I put away the portrait, and it was not till two years after that I met Miss Featherstone, as she called herself—for I feel certain now both women are one and the same person. When I saw her at Mrs. Warrington's the first time, it was on a night when a robbery had been committed, and there was great confusion and distress; and although something about her face struck me as familiar, I did not at the time connect the two women. Now I am positive."

"And what was there so atrocious in her conduct to your friend, sir, if I may venture to inquire?"

"What was there? Well, I'll tell you the story."

* * * * * * * *

One night Mrs. Bagshaw was standing with her maid at the open drawing room window overlooking the garden and park. A gentle wind moaned softly across the meadow land. The cattle lowed in the far distance, and now and then the sheep-bell tinkled; otherwise all was silent.

The lady, in deep thought, stood by the open window, her head resting on her hands, her eyes peering wistfully into the darkness; the maid was busy with some needlework. Every now and then she looked up and said a few words. The other scarcely seemed to hear her.

Suddenly, however, the deep silence was broken by a dull, heavy report, as though of some great gun, followed by a rattling, crashing sound, and a hoarse shriek. Both women started, and endeavored to pierce the obscurity with their frightened eyes.

"What was that?"

"I think it was something on the railway, madam; I'm sure it was. Do you not hear a noisy shouting?"

They listened intently. Afar off, most certainly there was a hoarse murmur, and a sound every now and then as of a human cry. The railway ran through a deep cutting about half a mile from the house, and the nearest station was about two miles off.

"Let us go down the garden," said Mrs. Bagshaw; "we may see something from the park."

Sure enough, from the park they saw in the distance the flashing to and fro of lights upon the embankment.

"Shall I run into the house, ma'am, and tell the gardener and coachman to go down and see if they can be of any assistance?"

"Go down where?"

"To the line, where the accident is."

"No—no. It's no affair of ours."

The servant fretted.

"It's everybody's affair, I should think," she mumbled to herself, "to help the dead and dying."

Mrs. Bagshaw caught something of her meaning.

"It is my pleasure they should not go," she replied, and went on looking at the flashing lights and carelessly listening to the cries of the distressed passengers.

Presently the servant cried out:—

"O, ma'am, this must be the 9:40 train!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"Why master—O, dear! O, dear! If anything should have happened to him!"

"What do you mean, woman?"

"I feel quite certain, ma'am, the coachman told me master was to come back from town by this train, and he was to go and meet him with the carriage. Shall I go and ask him?"

"Yes, go."

The servant departed with all speed. In a moment or two she returned out of breath to say that what she had feared was true, and that her master was expected by that train.

"The coachman started to meet him some time ago. What's to be done?"

"Don't jabber. Come here. Look across the park."

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do you see?"

"I see lights coming this way."

"Yes—what else?"

"Some men carrying something. O, if it should be—O, my God!"

Her mistress clutched her by the wrist.

"Stand still where you are, you fool! You do no good by making that noise."

"But I might fetch the gardener and tell him to meet them and show them the way."

"Yes, you could do that."

The servant went away upon her errand and the lady waited patiently. The figures were rapidly approaching. Four men bore between them a pale, lifeless figure upon a shutter. Within twenty yards of the house they stopped and consulted.

"You, sir, go forward and break it."

"Perhaps that's the lady standing there by the open window."

"It might be dangerous if it came too suddenly."

The gentleman addressed—a tall, dark gentleman, with bushy black eyebrows—stepped forward, hat in hand. As he approached, the light from the window fell full upon his face, and the young wife, at sight of him, uttering a low moan, crept back wards and clutched at the sash of the window for support.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RIVAL PLAYWRIGHTS;

OR,

The Contest between Muscle and Brains.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE PROLOGUE.

Long time the Swan of Avon ruled men's minds,
And swayed all hearts, the highborn and the hind's;
Again before us passed in full review
Scenes, persons, pictures that mankind once knew,
Investing all with such an air of truth
The world seemed once more to put on its youth,
And warriors, saints and sages, kings and queens,
Long dead, were known to misses in their teens,
And schoolboys who their recitations crammed
With sentiments from plays that had been damned,
I greatly fear, if now first shown on boards
Where sham Mazeppas train their fiery hordes,
Or nymphs in shortened skirts by turns disport,
Where tyrant Fashion holds her dazzling court.
As spirits (I don't mean the heavenly kind,
But those which, when with sweet and sour combined,
Make nectar suited for celestial palates,)
Grow by admixture tame, diluted, weak,
And hardly worth the drinking, so to speak,
E'en so men's minds, from sire to son transmitted,
Become for loftier deeds and thou hts unfitted,
And shirking sentiment, that's voted "slow,"
Delight in nude spectacle, glare and show.
Move t in his crypt, the Bard bestirred his bones,
And summoning his familiars, in those tones
Which have for ages past the world enthralled,
The wrongs he suffered under thus recalled:

SHAKESPEARE, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and other wits of the period, *loquitur*.

There comes a time when patience has an end,
And mine's played out; I'll speak, whate'er attend.
Better mine ashes were betimes exhumed
And scatter'd on the winds, than I be doomed
To this ignominy of daily hap.
A rumor goes that some verse-making chap
Who should be crown'd forthwith with motley jester's cap
And bells, hath, wanting better things to do,
Taken to paraphrasing all my plays.
'Tis said the dodge wins favor now-a-days,
And wreaths of dandelion replace the poet's bays.
Hamlet and fair Ophelia dance a jig,
While Hamlet plays the flute; Macbeth, whose rig
Would fright a Jew old clothes man, cuts sad capers,
Makes puns—the ghost is, in both cases, Pepper's,
Richard's a cabman, labeled Number Three;
Othello takes his cue from minstrelsy,
Juliet's a miss at boarding-school, who sets
Traps for young men; a thing in pantalettes
Who by this means a jealous husband gets—
Just as the thing is done in novelettes.
One who forgets
To pay his debts, and bets
At Jerome Park on race days. Lear's a guy,
Whose daughters frequent ball rooms on the sly.
Shylock is but the Shylock of the slums,
A sort of Fagin, who, of course, becomes
Famous for wealth, and pays his debts in notes,
And one and all are made the mere 'scapegoats
On which to hang some scores of paltry jokes—
Such fun as Merriman at ring-master pokes
To make young people snicker. How my flesh
Would (had I any) creep at things like these—
Proceedings little less than sacrilege.

(A murmur of discontent goes round.)

BEN JOHNSON.

Pray you, sweet Will, be calm—genius must tell.

SHAKESPEARE.

Would the whole tribe were sunk in lowest—well,
Doubtless some Barnum may ere long be found
To run the loathsome practice in the ground;
Actors of merit must ere long take wings
And leave the field where Thalia skips and sings
To Cynocephali and similar things.

(MERCURY *alights at Shakespeare's feet.*)

Now, boy, what news—what papers have you there?

MERCURY.

The latest issues, sir, from everywhere.
Shakespeare, all o'er the world, is quite the rage—
He lives in opera on the Italian stage,
Is sung in France and in a bad translation,
In England and America is heard with approbation.

SHAKESPEARE.

"On horror's head horrors accumulate,"
(That's mine, not Mister Planche's nor John Brougham),
But, if extinction be the will of fate,
We'll show these fellows yet some sport, beshrew 'em!

MERCURY.

O, that's not all; they've got you in the ring;
In circuses King Dick is quite the thing,
And on his barebacked steed cuts, thrusts and slashes,
As if on Bosworth field.

SHAKESPEARE.

That seals *our* hashes!

MERCURY.

And here's the CLIPPER, sir, stout war that wages
Against your enemies in full ten pages,
And 'gainst the ballet deals particular blows.

SHAKESPEARE.

Give me the package, straight, Egad! Who knows
But we may match them yet? I've heard it said
Some fellows from Japan who sometimes tread
On spiders' silk in air tight stretched, or swing
From dizzy heights upon a single string,
Have come to plague the showmen, whose receipts,
Spite of the bills with which they flood the streets,
Have fallen off, they say. If these won't do
They've a steam man, I see, in Gotham too,
Who performs wonders—here's of hope a gleam—
My plays may one day be performed by steam!

MERCURY.

Alas! sweet sir—although you are embalmed
In every library, and, all unharmed,
Your statue and your bust adorn each park,
There's still an element that yet may work
Destruction to our hopes; one Boucicault
Has been of late with showmen all the go
Who deal in pure "sensation," and believes
One handsome face a drama's fate retrieves.
Young Daly, Gayler, Brougham, fill his staff
And strain themselves to make the public laugh.

SHAKESPEARE.

Thou croaking raven! must I list to-day
To news like this? What more hast thou to say?

MERCURY.

Be patient, sir—I think I've told the worst,
Yet have not halt the whole week's news rehearst.

(ARIEL *enters, to music.*

SHAKESPEARE.

What horrid noise is that? Pray, cease this gabble.
I long for rest.

ARIEL.

I came, sir, by the cable.
(Sings—Over wood, over wave,
Through fog, through fire,
Over sand, over seas,
Through mud, through mire,
I have wandered far and near
Underneath the moon's bright sphere.

SHAKESPEARE.

My tricksy sprite! What says our Prospero?

ARIEL.

His wand has power still o'er things below.
'Tis true *La Belle Helene* attracts the masses,
And theatres rejoice in pretty lasses,
That those young Worrells turn the young men's heads,
And the "White Fawn" keeps greybeards from their beds
With rare Bonfanti and the corps of Jarrett,
That Hauck and Testa sing like any parrot,
That fair Vangalli dances,

GAFFER AND GOODY;
OR,
Who Shall Shut the Door?

To-morrow is a holiday,
And Goody—loving elf—
Has baked some puddings for her man,
And put them on the shelf.

Now both are lying snug in bed,
And, while the west winds roar,
Old Gaffer unto Goody says,
"Go shut that slamming door!"

"I wish to rest," the dame replies,
"Till morning's light appears;
For aught I care that crazy door
May slam a hundred years!"

With this the loving pair agreed
(Since neither of them stirred)
That he—or she—should bolt the door,
Who first should speak a word!

Two vagabonds, at midnight, found
The door was off the latch,
And not a single sight or sound
Their eyes or ears could catch.

They entered in, and spoke aloud,
But no one answered—Why?
The bargain stopped the only mouths
That could have made reply!

The puddings soon were eaten up,
As Goody plainly heard,
And cursed the robbers in her heart,
But uttered not a word.

And soon one vagabond exclaims,
"I'd like a sip of gin;
This cupboard smells extremely nice;
I'll poke about within.

"A flask of schnapps, I'm very sure,
Is at my elbow here;
A hearty swig to thirsty souls
Is mighty pleasant cheer!"

Up sprang old Gaffer in a trice—
"*Hein!* what is that you say?
The man who steals my Holland schnapps,
Shall dearly rue the day!"

Off go the rogues—and Goody cries,
With something like a roar,
"Old Gaffer! you have spoken first;
Now go and bolt the door!"

THE GALLERY OF A LONDON THEATRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

We have often admired the decorum observed in theatres this side of the Atlantic, though there have been times when we have lamented the absence from the same of the gallery and the "gods" so characteristic of the London play-houses. Truer critics, generally speaking, than those perched aloft in the buildings referred to do not exist in all creation—no heartier applauders of the actors who deserve well of their patrons. At the same time these deities of the shilling region are the affordors of considerable amusement to the rest of the audience, through the fire of jokes they keep up prior to the rising of the curtain and during the intervals of the acts. Even when waiting on the stairs for admission into their heaven, their talk is both amusing and instructive to any one curious in theatrical history—touching, as it does, on past and present favorites and productions—in short, on the history of the stage generally.

There are many things in which the "gods" take delight and practice when they are once comfortably seated. Whistling favorite airs is among these, so, also, are personal observations; and woe to the "swell," as he is called, who comes under the notice of our celestial friends. One will ask him how long he has been out of a band-box; a second will express a desire for "parfume" (pronouncing the word in true dandy fashion); while a third will mimic foppish lingo too, saying:—"Ah, me boy, haw do this foine weather? Splendid piece to-night, and foine *ballet*, with plenty of white muslin and pretty girls with handsome legs—dem me."

With the "gods," the gentlemen in the orchestra have always been legitimate game. The music played between the acts, as well as before the rising of the curtain, they call "physic," and those who discourse it, "cat-gut scrapers." It often happens that the orchestra is not filled so soon as it should be; in this case, there is sure to be thrown in a goodly amount of whistling, and some one of those who indulge in the practice, especially clever in the line, willgive a voluntary display under difficulties—probably through his fingers, with his fingers in his mouth, occasionally through a paper-covered comb. Yet the "gods" are generous as well as free in their manners, and directly the musicians appear in their proper place, vouchsafe them a cordial welcome.

Between the acts they are not so noisy as before the rising of the curtain, the fruit sellers then having the most to say. These consist principally of women, who carry baskets and make their wares known in a voice gradually rising: "apples, oranges, nuts, ginger beer and a bill of the play, ladies and gentlemane!" So goes their chime, often mingling with the loud discharge of a cork from a bottle containing the beverage mentioned. In our green days there used sometimes to be a fight in the gallery, when it was astonishing to view how readily a ring would be formed and how anxious the men were to see that fair play was maintained. Of late years, however, these exhibitions of the "manly art" among the "gods" do not occur.

Our friends are dear loves of music, which they understand exactly as we have always understood it. Play them a simple air, illustrative of a feeling or a passion, and they will sit as though spell-bound during its entire performance, and when it is concluded, applaud it to the echo as if it goes to the depth of their hearts—demand its repetition—some voice more stentorian than the others that join in the popular chorus sounding an "ancore," and an "ancore" is accordingly given.

Sometimes (principally when a pantomime is up) the "gods" love for music of a certain quality is very whimsically illustrated. For example: it is a quick, telling measure in the overture that is being executed. Well, it must be accompanied in the upper regions. Yes; to drums, trumpets, triangles, and a multitude of other instruments, there comes an addition of hands and feet, and at the close a thunder of applause that seems to rock the whole theatre. On these and similar occasions, though it cannot be said of the "gods" that they "bring down the house" in a physical sense, they undoubtedly do so in a metaphorical one.

There are times, however, as we have already said, when they are mute beneath the charm of numbers—when the attitude of mute attention, the brawny arms crossed on the front rail of the gallery, with the intense look direct at the orchestra, and the swelling veins in the throat, token too well what is passing in the minds of the listeners thus described; when the "goddesses" are also mute and absorbed, and a blanched cheek and an eye which, if a tear be not there, will soon show one, testify to what the great popular heart is. And when the end comes——, but we have already described what ensues on the occasion.

We have many memories of the kind—one of the solo performance on a flute of the Irish melody of the "Vale of Ovaco;" the other, also of a flute solo of a heart-touching air, where a lingering A sharp greatly enhanced the exquisite quality of sound and sentiment. And oh, what a magnificent outburst of applause ensued! It was more than royal.

It is undoubted that the "gods" are the best friends of the actors, so far as applause is concerned; they also claim supremacy in the case of welcoming illustrious visitors to the theatre. Never can the writer forget the reception that his old friends, the celestials of the London theatres, were wont to accord to King William and Queen Adelaide, also to the present Queen, then a mere girl. How, when these royal parties entered the proscenium box on the occasion of a state visit, the different colored pocket-handkerchiefs of the "gods" waved a hearty welcome! how longcontinued was the cheer! how unwilling, it might have been thought, were the utterers to give it over, and how, after they had ceased, and the curtain was about to rise, the "three cheers more" pealed through the house with a grand reverberation! Then, when the King and his consort took their coffee between the acts or at the end of a piece, how favorable a reception was given even to the flunkies in court suits who attended with the royal beverage! and what an intense anxiety was apparently felt touching the acceptability of the Mocha to the royal lips!

There are times when a pathetic passage on the stage is marred by a simple remark of one of the "gods." Let us fancy a broken-hearted lover on the stage, soliloquizing, or perhaps revealing his or her agony and wrongs to a second person, whose response is anticipated by one mounted higher than the more fashionable visitors of the night. "Lend us yer pocket-handkerchief, Jim." So he says; the result may be supposed.

There is only one thing we cannot lend to the "gods;" it is their addiction to hissing, or "goosering," as they call it. Perhaps, after all, however, this is only the natural obuerse of their desire to render homage where it is due. In other words, they "goose" an actor, just because, as they term it, he is a "muff" or a "stick."

A thousand *vivas* for the "gods" in the gallery.

ROMANCE OF A STREET SINGER.

A Courageous Cantatrice.

One of the most interesting events in the musical world was brought to light in London, Eng., some time since, in regard to the fate, fortitude and final fortune of a cantatrice, as will be found by reading the following narration by a contributor to *Once a Week*.

"Some time ago a mysterious paragraph went the round of the press, to the effect that a young and beautiful woman made her appearance every night at ten o'clock, in one of the west end squares, and that after a superb vocal display she disappeared, no one knew how or where, exactly as the clock struck eleven. Some of the papers professed to give special and exclusive particulars of this anonymous nightingale, as she was termed, and even went so far as to hint broadly that she was a celebrated vocalist married to a penniless lord, who took this mode of enlarging an insufficient income. Of course this piece of family history proved to be an invention. It had the good fortune to hear her once in Berkley Square. Seeing a large crowd waiting in an expectant attitude just where a fashionable hotel is located, I inquired the cause, and was told that the mysterious vocalist, the nightingale, was about to show herself. As the clock struck ten, a lady dressed in deep mourning, and having the upper part of her face concealed by a thick veil, glided forward and took her place in the centre of a space purposely kept clear for her. I decided, from noticing the beautiful formation of the mouth and chin, and finely rounded fair throat, that she must be both young and more than commonly attractive. She was accompanied by a little boy, also in deep mourning, who carried an open reticule. Without delay, the nightingale commenced a ballad, and sang with such surpassing taste and feeling as to hold the miscellaneous crowd in mute and wrapt attention. The song was followed by several favorite scenes from popular operas, all exhibiting the talent and culture of an accomplished artist. A collection was made; few gave coppers—all who could afford it gave silver. The little boy sent in his bag to the hotel, the balcony of which was crowded with visitors, and it was returned apparently heavy with precious coin. The sum total must have been considerable, and this I was informed was the usual reward of the hour's work. When 11 struck, the unknown stopped her song, made a slight courtesy, and threaded her way quickly through the crowd. Her real history, I afterwards learned, was a pitiful one. She was the daughter of a celebrated teacher of music, and had been educated for the stage; she married, against the wishes of her parents, a clerk in a post office, who, being detected in the then unpardonable sin of uttering a forged bank note, was tried, convicted and hanged. With three little helpless infants and no means of earning a sufficient income, the bereaved young wife adopted the plan of making her fine voice and scientific attainments furnish the means of subsistence. The close of this story is more hopeful. Her beauty, misfortunes and accomplishments attracted the attention of a clergyman in one of the eastern counties. He married her, and she disappeared from public view."

GAY GAMBLIERS AT THE CAPITAL.—A Washington paper, the *Revolution*, says that that city" has two gambling hells exclusively for ladies. At all hours of the day the most elegantly dressed ladies at the capital may be seen there staking their money, or somebody's money, in surprising amounts. It is rumored that a certain divorce case now pending in the District Court is attributable in a measure to the squandering of a husband's money on the tables of one of these places."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A DOMINIE DIVORCE CASE.
JUDD IN JUDGMENT.

A divorce case of a disreputable character has been in the courts of late at New Haven, Ct., the Reverend Judd being the defendant, and his wife, formerly a widow of a New York lawyer, the complainant. From the evidence given it appears that the would-be saint has been a sinner of the worst kind, having behaved meanly and tyrannically to his better half, and courteously and intimately to a female, Miss Reynolds, to whom he had not been spliced. To publish all the evidence would occupy too much space and sate the appetite of CLIPPER readers, so we condense it to the leading points. Catharine Doyle said that one evening Dr. Judd came in and asked Mrs. Judd what was the occasion of that arrangement, and asked where Miss Reynolds was; she said she was sick; he asked if she had got the keys to the closet; she said "Yes;" he told her to give them right up; she said, "Am I not the mistress of my own house?" he said, "No, no longer;" the arrangement referred to was taking the head of the table where Susannah Reynolds sat pouring out the tea; I got a waiter to take tea to Susannah; the doctor said, "No, he would see about that;" he got up, went into the parlor, where Susannah was, and soon came out and came behind Mrs. Judd's chair and shook her; Mrs. Judd went up stairs crying; she had had no tea. I have been to find Susannah in her room, and not finding her, have been to the library and knocked, and some minutes after she would answer and unlock the door; I have done this a good many times; she said that she locked the door because she was afraid Mrs. Judd might come in, and that she was afraid of her; Dr. Judd was in there at the time; don't know that he was afraid of Mrs. Judd; Marcus had a room next to Susannah's; I took care of it; it had a single bed in it, the head of which was against the door between the rooms; Marcus left, I believe, in September; Dr. Judd then occupied that room; Marcus' bed was taken out and a double bed that was in the storage room, in the attic, was then put in that room, and placed in the middle of the room; neither side of it was against the door leading to Susannah's room; I took care of the room part of the time, and Susannah part of the time; so far as I know Mrs. Judd never occupied the room; the bed and pillows some mornings looked as if two persons slept in it; I did not take care of Susannah's bed, but I did all the rest; this appearance of the bed I have seen a great many mornings, and on these occasions all the others that I had the care of had the appearance of having been occupied; I have never seen the door open between the two rooms; I said once to Susannah "You have a nice time after us girls have gone to bed;" she said it was nothing but a little ginger tea, for the doctor wanted something warm nights; there were generally three glasses on the table; one morning I was going into Mrs. Judd's room when Susannah was coming out of Marcus' room, and I had a chance to see; I saw Marcus with nothing on but a garment, which I suppose he slept in; I mean his shirt; he was in his room standing on the floor; a short time after that I told the cook about it; Miss Reynolds came to me afterwards and told me that if I had seen her come out of Marcus' room I should screen her; this was a month or two after that she made this remark; she complained because I had told the cook about it; whenever Mr. Judd was away I have seen Susannah and Sperry come out of the kitchen, and she would dance what she called the "Highland Fling;" she generally danced it alone; I have seen her get upon Sperry's back and he would carry her around from the sitting room to the kitchen; she was straddled across his back; he used to generally play leap frog, and she Nannie goat; she would say "bah," and he would imitate a leap frog; this was when the doctor was away; he used to play goat by running around and butting Susannah with his head; when the doctor was around everything was very mild and still; I went once to Susannah's room to see about the tea; I tried to get in, but the door was locked; I heard a voice; I knocked on the door and asked what we should have for tea; Susannah said, "I will be down directly, Katy;" it must have been Mr. Sperry in there, for I heard his voice; I have heard Susannah sing; she generally sang "Glory Hallelujah," and all such songs. Other witnesses were called who corroborated the above, as well as giving evidence that Mr. Judd behaved tyrannically to his lawful wife, and Ann Cranin said that Dr. Judd treated Miss Reynolds well, sat up nights and had hot drinks with her, thus bringing the evidence on the plaintiff's side to an end. The case is still unfinished, so that we are unable to say what the result will be.

A DAUGHTER'S DEGRADATION.
A CYPRIANIC LIFE PERSISTED IN.

On the morning of the 21st of April one of the most shocking cases of the wilful and wicked career of a daughter was brought before Judge Mansfield, in this city, said daughter being brought before him by her father and a policeman. The examination was commenced by the father as follows:—

"If you please, Judge," said ——, who subsequently gave his name and residence, "this is my daughter, and I want her sent somewhere."

"Sent where and why?" asked the Judge in surprise, as he looked in the face of the young girl.

"Where she can be kept out of bad company."

"Do you mean to say she goes into bad company?"

"With the vilest of the vile of her sex," responded the father, and his lips quivered in the vain attempt to suppress his emotion; "she has run away from home several times—the last time two weeks ago. This morning I found her in a disreputable house in Chrystie street, or rather this policeman, who has been looking for her ever since she left home the last time, found her there. She refuses to go home, and I have brought her before you."

"Is this true that your father says?" the Judge asked her.

"Yes," was her cold and indifferent rejoinder.

"Why won't you go home with your father?"

"I want my liberty and mean to have it."

"She has every comfort at home," said the father, "and I have spared nothing to educate her and bring her up well."

"But you watched me, and wouldn't let me see or go out with the company I wanted to," interrupted the daughter.

"It was done for her good," plead the father, "and for the good of three younger sisters and a brother."

"You did right," said the Judge, "as a father should do."

"But I don't like being watched," said the daughter, "and I can take care of myself."

"How do you take care of yourself?" asked the judge.

"That's my business, and as long as I don't cheat, or steal, or murder anybody, no one has got a right to interfere with me," she replied, as pertly and as saucily shaking her head as ever did Queen Elizabeth in her most rancorous fits of independence.

"And you won't go home with your father?"

"No, sir."

"And you mean to have your own way?"

"Yes, sir, and until I commit some crime I defy you or any one to meddle with me."

"You have shown yourself a very bad and ungrateful daughter," said the Judge. "You prefer living in a house of infamy to living in a good home. You have no care for your father or mother, sisters or brother. You have chosen the downward path that leads to ruin and death. There is a possibility of reclaiming you. It is time some one did meddle with you, and I am determined to do it."

"You have no right to do it." She spoke defiantly.

"I have the right, and shall exercise it," said the Judge. "I can at least put you out of the reach of your evil associates and compel you to lead a decent life."

"I won't go home."

"I don't intend you shall; I shall send you to the Island for one year."

"A year ain't long," she coolly replied.

The commitment was made out and away she went in custody of a policeman for consignment in a cell in the prison till she could be sent in the Black Maria to the Island. The daughter is as comely a girl as one will see in many days' travel, aged eighteen years.

A VITRIOLIC VICTIM.

An attempt was made in the Cumberland street Orphan Asylum, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 22nd ult., it seems, to eunuchize a youth for indelicate approaches to one of the feminine gender. The lad's name is Edward Ferguson; he is ten years of age, and he was brought before Justice Buckley in great suffering. It appears from the statements made, that the boy, who is the only son of a poor widow woman residing in Franklin avenue, was under the care of the institution in question, which is supported by various Protestant congregations of Brooklyn. Some days ago, it is alleged, the lad was detected in the commission of an act of indecency towards a little girl, also an inmate of the institution, by one of the matrons. He was immediately seized by the woman, who procured some oil of vitriol, and in the presence of other *attaches* of the Asylum, poured a quantity of the burning fluid upon the person of the child. So severe were the effects and so painful the injuries inflicted, that it became necessary for his mother to cause his removal for surgical treatment. Upon medical examination the physicians state that he is in a dangerous condition, and a surgical operation will have to be resorted to. Justice Buckley issued a warrant for the arrest of the alleged guilty party, viz., Jane Davis, the matron; and Dr. Hyde, the physician. The former, in an examination before one of the justices, states that she but obeyed the instructions given. The poor boy, if reports be true, is not likely to repeat the alleged indecencies.

AN ATTEMPT AT RAPE AND MURDER.—A brutal attempt of the above character was made and, fortunately, frustrated at Fort Lee, N. J., on April 21st. It seems that about a fortnight since Miss Stanley formed the acquaintance of a young man named James McCarthy, residing in New York. McCarthy called at her father's residence near Bull's Ferry several times to see the young lady, and on Tuesday he, accompanied by a companion, met her near home and requested her to take a walk, which she granted. The party wandered up the road on the hill leading to Fort Lee. Under pretence of descending to a hotel to get some refreshments, they entered the woods just back of the Observatory. Here, where no assistance could be summoned, the men betrayed their intentions, and a desperate struggle took place between them and the unfortunate young woman. She was shockingly beaten, and finally, in her insensible condition, thrown over the side of the rocky ledge of the mountain, the distance to the ground below being three hundred feet. The ruffians then fled, without daring to look after her, supposing that she had been dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks below. Fortunately, however, after she had rolled some ten feet down the side of the mountain, her clothing was caught by a sapling, and she was thus held up. She soon recovered and gained the top of the mountain, and, although it was quite dark, made her way back to the road and reached her home about 11 o'clock at night. Her parents had been greatly alarmed at her long absence, and were horrified when she stated what had occurred. The matter was on the 22d placed in the hands of the New York police.

CYPRIANS AFTER GREENBACKS.—A trio of cyprians got into trouble on the 23d ult., by being charged with appropriating the mopusses of their whilom admirers. Before Justice Hogan Mary Wright was accused by Peter Morgan of stealing from him $400 in money, while in her society on Wednesday. She confessed her guilt, and had given $20 to a man in a canal-boat from Elmira. She was held for trial. ..... Anna Smith was the next to be brought before the Justice, charged with having stolen $120 from a seaman named George H. Smith. She denied the charge with tears in her eyes, but was committed for trial. Anna was only at the age of sweet eighteen ..... Sarah Worth, wishing to be more worth, and Hannah Rewitz, who will rue it, no doubt, were the next of that kind on the docket. It appears that Andrew Fee, a returned Californian, met Sarah Worth in the street on Wednesday night, and went with her to a saloon in William street, where he lost a pocketbook containing four $100 bills. One of these bills was found under the table, and after Sarah's arrest she confessed the theft and said she had given some of the money to Hannah Rewitz, employed in the kitchen, who restored two more of the missing bills. Both women, on being arraigned before Justice Hogan, were held to trial in default of bail.

A SILLY SUICIDE.—A man named oneed, living at Union city, Miss., recently married a young lady of that place. Having occasion to visit Mobile on business, on his return he pressed his wife fondly to his bosom, kissed her, and expressed his satisfaction in knowing that he was the only man that had ever enjoyed that privilege; upon which his wife replied, "You are very much mistaken. I have kissed divers and sundry men in my life." Speed replied, in a kind tone, "You told me I was the only one, and I believed you." To this his wife made answer, "I told you that I loved——. I have kissed and hugged him often;" whereupon Sneed took a potion of laudanum, and left her free to hug and kiss the other fellow at her leisure.

A DARE-DEVIL DEED.—At Worcester, Mass., on April 17th, a Frenchman named Peter Hoffey, living in Worcester, was murdered while in bed with his wife, by blows on the head with an axe. The wife of the murdered man had been in timate with one Dare, who is charged with committing the deed. It is supposed his wife left the house door unfastened with the understanding that Dare should enter and murder Hoffey while asleep. The woman and her paramour were both arrested and held in $5,000 bail each to await the result of the injured man's wounds.

AN ADULTEROUS DOMINIE.—Rev. Jason W. Kellogg, has been expelled from his church at Dearborn, Mich., for profanity and adultery and for eloping with a Mrs. Morehouse, a former member of his church and congregation.—*Boston Herald, April* 15.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

TROTTING ON LONG ISLAND—COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON ON THE FASHION AND UNION COURSES—THE NEW ORLEANS SPRING MEETING.

The trotting season of 1868 is at last fairly inaugurated, the first trot of the season having come off on the Union Course on Wednesday, the 22d ult. Originally fixed for Tuesday, the 19th ult., the unfavorable weather on that day prevented its taking place, but the ensuing day proving fine it, came off. There was but a limited attendance to witness it, although the day was fine, but the repeated postponements caused a feeling of doubt among the public of its coming off, even although announced to take place. It was for a purse of $100, given by Mr. Shaw, the proprietor of the course, mile heats, three in five, in harness, for horses that had never beaten 2:45 in harness. There were seven entries; from deficiency of preparation and other causes only three of them came to the post. These were J. Dugrey's b s Ben Wood; Hiram Howe's b m Ginger and F. J. Nodine's unnamed br g. The last named was the favorite in the pool betting, being backed at even against the field. The race was not of sufficient importance to warrant a detailed description; it is sufficient to say that Ginger won the first heat in 2:54½, and the stallion Ben Wood the second, third and fourth, in 2:56½; 2:56; 2:57. We give the summary:—

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.—Purse $100; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. Dugrey's b s Ben Wood	2	1	1
H. Howe's b m Ginger	1	2	3
F. J. Nodine's br g	3	3	2

Time, 2:54½; 2:56½; 2:56; 2:57.

J. Murphy's Lady Pendleton, J. H. Powers' Terre Haute, Blake Forbell's bay mare, and W. H. Taylor's Billy, were the horses that were withdrawn.

TROT ON THE FASHION.

On Thursday, the 23d ult., the first trot over the Fashion Course, L. I., came off, in the presence of a large attendance of owners of fast horses, trainers, and lovers of trotting generally. The new proprietor of this course, Mr. John Chambers, has had considerable experience with management of trotting tracks, having for some years had the direction of the Augusta, Ga., course. He has effected many alterations and improvements since he took the reins of management; the hotel being entirely refurnished and renovated, and two balconies attached, so that ladies who accompany gentlemen to the course can sit and view the trotting without going on the track, as heretofore. The grand stand has been removed a considerable distance back from where it has hitherto stood, and a gallery of seats erected from the ground upwards, like the stand on the Union Course. The only thing that can be objected to is the placing of the old judges' stand that formerly stood on the opposite side of the course, where the starts at one time all took place, immediately in front of the grand stand, and in a line with the present judges' stand, completely impeding the view of the start and finish by the spectators in the grand stand. The old course is at present to be used for trotting, but the new one is almost finished, and should the proposed railway to Flushing pass across the old track, it will not interfere with the new one. The purse in question that was trotted for was one of $100, for horses that had never beaten three minutes, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. There were twelve horses entered for it, and of this number seven came to the post. These were J. Lovett's b m Lady Wells; D. Mace's ch g Frank Morgan; M. Rodin's ch g Topsawyer; J. Dugrey's b s Ben Wood; W. Doble's b m Maggie; W. Magee's br m; and W. Borst's br m Lady Drew; the latter, however, was so rank that her driver could not control her, and she was withdrawn from the race. Topsawyer was rumored to be so superior in speed and condition to all the others that he was made the favorite against the field, Lady Drew ranking next in estimation, and Frank Morgan next; the actual winner being sold for a song in the field, along with two others. The race is noteworthy for bringing out the best lot of green horses that ever came upon a track; for no one, not even the owner of the winning horse, ever anticipated such good time being made. Lady Wells, the winner, belongs to Mr. William Lovell, of this city, a well-known sporting man, and turf speculator, who also owns the promising young mare American Girl, for whom he paid last fall $12,500. The winner is trained and was driven by John Lovett. She is a very handsome brown mare, of good size and fine action, and steady as clock work, for she never made a skip or break in the three heats.

FIRST HEAT.—Nearly an hour was spent in scoring, for although a new rule has been established by the proprietor on this course that if a start is not effected in half a dozen attempts at scoring, the horses shall all be mustered at the distance, and the word positively given as they come up, irrespective of their positions, yet it was not enforced on this occasion. At last the judges, wearied out, gave the word when Lady Wells was half a dozen lengths ahead of all the others, and twenty lengths before Ben Wood, who was the last horse. Lady Wells kept her lead past the quarter pole, along the back stretch and to the half mile pole, which she reached in 1:18, Topsawyer being second and Frank Morgan third; the others spread-eagled far behind. Her ladyship trotted steadily throughout, and came home a winner by ten lengths; Frank Morgan, thanks to the able handling of Dan Mace, coming in second, a length before Topsawyer, and Maggie fourth. The other two were distanced, although the judges, not observing it, only declared Magee's mare shut out, and allowed Ben Wood to start again. Time, 2:41¼.

SECOND HEAT.—The betting now became animated, Lady Wells being backed against the field, and as many fancied Dan Mace's horse, strongly thinking he would outlast the mare, there was a good deal of money invested. Lady Wells took the lead as before, and although on the back stretch and the third quarter Morgan made a fine struggle for it, she out-trotted him and carried him to a break, and although he continued the contest gamely all the way home, he could never fairly reach her, and she won by a length. Time, 2:40.

THIRD HEAT.—Betting $100 to $50 on Lady Wells, who kept in front from the start to the finish, and after a fine struggle with Morgan she won the heat and race in 2:41. Summary:—

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Thursday, April 23, purse of $100, for horses that have never beaten three minutes, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

John Lovett entered br m Lady Wells	1	1	1
Dan Mace entered ch g Frank Morgan	2	2	2
M. Rodin entered ch g Topsawyer	3	3	3
J. Dugrey entered b s Ben Wood	5	5	4
W. Doble entered b m Maggie	4	4	5
Mr. Magee entered br m ——	dis.		
W. Borst entered br m Lady Drew	dr.		

Time.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	:39	1:18	2:41½
Second heat	:39½	1:18½	2:40
Third heat	:39	1:19¾	2:41

THE NEW ORLEANS SPRING MEETING.
SECOND DAY'S RACING.

In our last week's CLIPPER we published an account of the first day's running at the Metairie Spring Meeting at New Orleans, and now give the remaining five days. The weather on the first day had been delightful, but on the second day a heavy storm of wind prevailed, which, although it did not prevent a large attendance, militated against the horses making fast time. The first race was one of mile heats for a purse of $250, for which five horses started, viz., Capt. Moore's b c General McMahon, (who won two races at the Mobile Meeting the week previous,) Tom Patterson's ch h Richelieu; Wm. Brady's b f Agnes Donovan; Wm. Cottrill's b f Jennie C.; and S. Leonard's g m Nellie Gwynne. The General came in first by a length, but having swerved when his rider called upon him for his final effort, and thereby compelled Richelieu to shorten his stride, he was ruled out for foul riding, although it was purely accidental, and the race given to Agnes Donovan, who was second. Time, 1:47¾. The second race of three mile heats, for a purse of $1,000, had three starters—Capt. Moore's b c Privateer; James Nelligan's b h Bismarck and E. Slavin's ch c Painter. It was looked upon as such a certainty for Capt. Moore's magnificent colt, Privateer, that $100 to $5 was offered without finding any takers. He won both heats in the easiest possible style, distancing Painter in the first heat, and beating off Bismarck hollow in the second. Time, 5:56; 7:12½. Summary:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., Thursday, April 16.—Dash of one and a half miles, purse $250, for all ages.

T. G. Moore's b c Gen. McMahon, by Lexington, dam Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire, 4 yrs	1
S. Leonard's ch c Chickamauga, by Jack Malone, dam Alboni by Albion, 4 yrs	2
Wm. Cottrill's b f Jennie C., by Daniel Boone, dam by Glencoe, 3 yrs	3
S. Leonard's g m Nellie Gwynne, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	4
T. G. Moore's b c General McMahon, by Lexington, dam Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire, 4 yrs	dis.

Time, 1:47¾.

SAME DAY.—A purse of $1,000, for all ages; three-mile heats.

T. G. Moore's b c Privateer, by Lightning, dam Hennie Farrow, by imp. Shamrock, 4 yrs	1	1
James Nelligan's b h Bismarck, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe, 5 yrs	2	2
E. Slavin's ch c Painter, by Vandyke, dam Temptation, by imp. Trustee, 4 yrs	dis.	

Time, 5:56; 7:12½.

THIRD DAY.

The weather was very fine on this, the third day of the meeting, and the attendance large and fashionable. The first event, the hurdle-race, over two miles and eight hurdles, was won by D. Swigert's b h Jonesboro (who won the first day's hurdle race), beating Edinboro and Red Bird in 4:19½. The two mile dash for a purse of $400 had only Beacon and Nellie Gwynne to contend for it, and long odds were laid on the former, which he justified by winning in hollow style in 4:05¼. The mile heat race was won by Lizzie Graves's b h Malcolm, beating Agnes Donovan, Mollie Ingersoll, and Joe Johnston in two straight heats in 1:54¼, 1:53¾. Summary:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.—Grand Hurdle Race, dash of two miles, welter weights, eight leaps; purse $500.

D. Swigert's b h Jonesboro, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Alice Jones by Glencoe	1	
D. Swigert's b h Edinboro, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Ansell's dam by Yorkshire	2	
S. L. Jones' b f Red Bird, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Sally Polk by Ambassador	3	

Time, 4:19½.

SAME DAY.—Two mile dash, for all ages; 4 yr olds and upwards to carry 100lbs.; purse $400.

T. G. Moore's b m Beacon, 6 yrs, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf by imp. Yorkshire	1	
S. Leonard's gr m Nellie Gwynne, 5 yrs by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam by Charlster	2	

Time, 4:05¼.

SAME DAY.—Mile heats, for all ages; purse $300.

G. A. Breaux's b h Malcolm, 5 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	1		
Wm. Brady's b f Agnes Donovan, 4 yrs, by Lexington, dam Little Peggy by Cripple	2	2	
Wm. Cottrill's b f Mollie Ingersoll, 3 yrs, by Daniel Boone, dam Sigma, by Epsilon	3	3	
Mr. Warwick's b h Joe Johnston, 5 yrs, by Goodwood, dam Judy by imp. Sovereign	dis.		

Time, 1:54¼; 1:53¾.

FOURTH DAY.

The track was very heavy this day, owing to a heavy fall of rain the preceding night, but the attendance was very good. A mile and a half dash, for all ages, for a purse of $250, had four starters, viz., Gen. McMahon, Chickamauga, Jennie C. and Lewis B. Smith. The General had proved his superiority of speed so cleverly the day before that long odds were bet on his winning, which he did cleverly in 3:04, the mile being run in 1:57¾. The two mile heat race for a purse of $600 had only two contestants; Capt. Moore's flying mare Fanny Cheatham and Wm. Brady's ch c Veto. Both were in splendid condition, but the beautiful filly won both heats in easy style, in 4:08¼; 4:10¼. Summary:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., Thursday, April 16.—Dash of one and a half miles, purse $250, for all ages.

T. G. Moore's b c Gen. McMahon, by Lexington, dam Magenta by imp. Yorkshire, 4 yrs	1		
S. Leonard's ch c Chickamauga, by Jack Malone, dam Alboni by Albion, 4 yrs	2		
Wm. Cottrill's b f Jennie C., by Daniel Boone, dam by Glencoe, 3 yrs	3		
S. Leonard's g m Nellie Gwynne, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam by Charlester	4		
T. B. Patterson's ch c Lewis B. Smith, by Revenue, dam Sea Breeze, 4 yrs	dis.		

Time, 3:04.

SAME DAY.—Two mile heats, for all ages, purse $600.

T. G. Moore's b f Fanny Cheatham, by Lexington, dam Laura by Valiant, 3 yrs	1	1
Wm. Brady's ch c Veto, by Lexington, dam Levity by imp. Trustee, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 4:08¼; 4:10¼.

FIFTH DAY.

The weather was wet and unfavorable, but the attendance was good and the racing excellent. The first race was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for a purse of $250, with six entries, viz.: Bismarck, Lewis B. Smith, Chickamauga, Agnes Donovan, Jennie C. and Le Noir. Agnes was the favorite in the pools at large odds, but after a splendid finish she was beaten by Mr. Cottrill's fine filly, Jennie C., in 2:24½. Again did Captain Moore's speedy General McMahon assert his high quality by winning the mile heat race, three in five, for a purse of $500, in three straight heats, in 1:51¼, 1:52¼, 1:53¾, beating Malcolm and Joe Johnston, the latter taking second honors in the last heat. Summary:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., APRIL 17.—Purse $250; dash of one and a quarter miles, for all ages.

Wm. Cottrill's b f Jennie C., by Daniel Boone, dam by Glencoe, 3 yrs	1	
Wm. Brady's b f Agnes Donovan, by Lexington, dam Little Peggy, 4 yrs	2	
James Nelligan's b h Bismarck, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe, 5 yrs	3	
S. Leonard's ch c Chickamauga, by Jack Malone, dam Alboni, by Albion, 4 yrs	4	
T. B. Patterson's ch c Lewis E. Smith, by Revenue, dam Sea Breeze, 4 yrs	5	

S. L. James' bl m Le Noir, by imp. Knight of St. George, dam Blonde, by Glencoe, 5 yrs 6

Time, 2:24½.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $600; mile heats, three in five, for all ages.

T. G. Moore's b c Gen. McMahon, by Lexington, dam Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire, 4 yrs	1	1	1
E. Warwick's b h Joe Johnston, 5 yrs, by Goodwood, dam Judy, by imp. Sovereign	3	3	2
S. Leonard's b h Malcolm, 5 yrs, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster	2	2	3

Time, 1:51¼; 1:52¼; 1:53¾.

SIXTH DAY.

On this day the Grand Turf Congress Stake of $2,000, with the Challenge Whip and Spurs, was to be run for, but the interest in it was lost when it became known that only the Metairie Jockey Club's entry, Capt. Moore's Privateer, and the Memphis Racing Association's entry, Agnes Donovan, were to start. One hundred to five would not tempt any one to bet against Privateer, who had only to gallop at half speed to win and distance the filly in 8:20. The success of Captain Moore's stable at this meeting has been unprecedented, winning every race he started for. Mr. John Coffey, of this city, a well-known sporting man, is joint owner with the Captain of his promising string of thoroughbreds. Capt. Moore starts for Jerome Park at once with eight horses, to run at the approaching spring meeting, and from the splendid form they are in, his stable must be particularly formidable. The mile heat purse of $250, best three in five, carrying 100lbs., was won by Joe Johnston, beating Bismarck (who won the third but was distanced in the fourth heat) and Veto in 1:57; 1:58¾; 2:00½; 1:59. This race terminated a capital spring meeting. Summary:—

METAIRIE COURSE, N. O., SATURDAY, APRIL 18.—Grand Turf Congress Stake of $2,000, with Challenge Whip and Spurs; Club to add $1,000, four mile heats.

Metairie Jockey's Club's b c Privateer, by Lightning, dam Hennie Farrow, by imp. Shamrock, 4 yrs 1

Memphis Racing Association's b f Agnes Donovan, by Lexington, dam Little Peggy ..... dis

Time, 8:20.

SECOND RACE.—Purse $250; mile heats, three in five; 100lbs.

E. Warwick's b h Jo

THEATRICAL RECORD.

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Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 8 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, April 27, 1868.

WE INTEND TO talk to you like a father. The times are sadly out of joint, and we presume that we are the party destined to set them right. Our present system of theatricals, it is alleged, is converting our actors and actresses into a set of jibbering lunatics or educated cynocephaluses, if we may be permitted to so express ourself. This system is sapping their mental faculties, obliterating their recollection for legitimate purposes, and denuding the drama of its brightest ornaments. As for a pure dramatic authorship, it has already ceased to find a market, and, except where some managerial fossil (of course he *must* be a fossil) undertakes to revive an old play, written in the days when common sense was prevalent, we hear of nothing but extravaganza and burlesque. Our best actors are fast becoming mental wrecks; those whom we were wont to praise in the olden time in the loftier walks of tragedy are now compelled to unlearn all they have learned, to take lessons of the jester in the ring, and to commit to memory all sorts of inanities; while others whom we appreciated as the princes of refined comedy, and who were in private life models of deportment and correct pronunciation, now confine their conversation to the comic columns of the weekly papers, and are so given to punning that their appearance causes a hasty stampede at any of the club rooms. Ferguson, our former heavy man, who was educated for a parson, but whom fate made a player, has been driven into the minstrel line, and buttonholes every friend he meets with a pointless conundrum, so that whenever he attacks a friend with the dreaded "Why is a—," the intended victim invariably tears himself away, leaving a button in the grasp of his assailant. The latter's stock of buttons, is, we are told, quite assorted and curious; he keeps them in a cabinet labeled with the initials of the former owners. He tried his mania upon us, and for many weeks we never encountered him without being obliged to cut and run at the inevitable "Why does a—;" but having one day discovered our purpose, he rudely grasped us with both hands by the collar, and holding us by main force hissed out with rapid concentration of energy,—"Why does a dog always turn around twice before he sits down?" His hysterical laugh at the idea of having circumvented us, was changed to a howl of disappointment as, slipping out of our coat, we darted down the nearest street with the word "because" still ringing in our ears as a final salvo. The dignified and measured language of the first of English poets, which often interwove itself with the ordinary discourse of our tragedians, is forgotten quite. You are aware that the new style of dramatic composition delights in rhyming couplets. The *sense* of the wording has nothing to do with the matter; all that is required is that each couplet shall end with some rhyme in which a passing public event or character is "hit off," and that delivered in the actor's loudest key while the rest is uttered *sotto voce*, and the applause follows the brilliant achievement as sure as thunder follows the lightning. The common salutation of stage struck geniuses on meeting was wont to be "How now, my noble lord?" or, "Sir, good morrow." They can't get along now without their couplet:

> "Good morrow, Harry, pray how do you do?
> Hast heard aught astonishing or new?"

To which the rejoinder will probably be—

> "Naught save that Brougham with his usual pace
> Has a burlesque on the Impeachment case;
> And Daly's last The Erie War they call,
> Because it DREW and filled the capital."

Or, our ponderous actors, asking to be supplied at table, may say to the waiter:—

> "Patrick, of quail on toast I stand in need,
> With sauce and trimmings *a la* Marquis Tweed."

This system has produced its effect, apparently, not only upon the stage, but upon the public also, and nothing else will now go down. The result is approaching—the climax is at hand. Already we learn that several theatrical people are booked for the Insane Asylum. Our favorite tragedian has completed a course of lessons under a leading posture master of Lent's (kind by Lent him for the purpose), and, with a little assistance from the clown, is now near perfection as it is possible to attain. He will be at liberty to fulfil any other engagement in a short time. Besides his histrionic attainment, he can throw flip-flaps, take astonishing leaps, and balance books, plates and dishes. Salary of no consequence.

> The people applaud a man's versatility,
> Notwithstanding his worse ability.

Friends, we ask you where is this to end? Are we to look calmly on and see the gradual decay of our legitimate stage without a voice being raised in its defence? Never.

> Better an actor in his tracks should die,
> Than drag his way along in infamy.

.....Two important events transpired in the show world since our last—the first was the departure of Dickens for England; and the second the death of the Cynocephalus, both irreparable losses to a free and enlightened constituency. The taking off of Charles occurred on the 22d April, the taking off of the Cyno. on the 25th, these painful deprivations, so important in their bearings, happening within a couple of days of each other. Some illegitimate scamp intimates that grief for the departure of Charles hastened the departure of the other. This is not true, however, for Mr. Fields grieved the most, yet *he* still lives. Both curiosities were among the successes of the age, though the Cynocephalus would have outlasted Charles in public estimation had he been permitted to live. With the poet, we may exclaim:—

> Afflictions sore five days we bore,
> Pain Pain was all in vain,
> On Saturday he breathed his last,
> And no'er did once complain.

As a realist, Charles made a great deal of money in a short space of time, but as a realist the Cynocephalus was fast overtaking him when cruel Death intervened and put an end to all his worldly engagements. Mr. Lent mourns his loss.

> The Cynocephalus is dead, is dead,
> The Cynocephalus is dead, is dead;
> Taxidermists will stuff him,
> And Smith photograph him,
> And phrenologist Fowler shall pickle his head.
>
> The creature was dang'rous, 'tis said, 'tis said,
> The creature was dang'rous, 'tis said, 'tis said;
> So some bloody Ku Klux
> Killed this pet of the knucks,
> To earn a reward for his head, his head.

The Cyno. was not of the "Press Dinner," but others of that ilk represented him, and *he* was there in spirit. Dickens made many friends and one hundred thousand dollars while here—the Cynocephalus was alike fortunate. Mr. Dickens promises "never to do so any more;" the Cyno., alas, can make no such rash promises, for he has gone to that place

> Where the wicked cease from troubling him,
> And the Cyno. is at rest.

But we will not pursue this harrowing subject farther. Suffice it to say that though Mr. Dickens, as a show, took with certain classes, the Cynocephalus attracted the masses.

EPITAPH ON THE CYNOCKPHALUS.

> Here lies the body of a great performer—
> Yesterday he was here, to-day he's a goner.

.....Notwithstanding the present condition of the stage, hundreds of youthful aspirants seek to tread its dangerous paths, and seek the bubble reputation through the actor's mouth. Once upon a time a stage struck youth essayed the part of Hamlet. A lady, fair to look upon, beheld him in the part, and yearned to call that black haired youth her own. So she penned a neat epistle to him, the object of her desires, did this fair young creature, asking for an interview. Now Hamlet was a gay boy, and loved not wisely, and so forth; so, sure as you're born, he agreed to meet his admirer, where no rude hands could break upon the scene, and dash their hopes to ruin. "They met, 'twas in a cr——," no it was *not* in a crowd, and as the twain encountered each other, the following dialogue ensued :—

Man—Fair being, long have I longed for this auspicious moment. Here, on my bended knee, would I my tale of love reveal.

Girl—What audaciousness is those? Unhand me, villain. Who and what are you?

Man—I am Hamlet the Dane, who conjured up this flame in thy pent up bosom, and lighted thee to love, my dear.

Girl—'Tis false! Never saw I that craven face before. This is some plot to assassinate me. I see it all! Thou art a Fenian. Police! Police!!

Man—Was ever woman in such humor wooed? My pretty gazelle, thou wrongest me. True it is that I the crazy Dane did play, and I alone am the Hamlet of thy vision. Not all the riches of this world could tempt me to thy ruin. *I am what I am!*

Girl—Base betrayer—oh that mine eyes were basilisks to strike thee dead. *My* Hamlet was all grace, and beauty, and gentility.

Man—Strike, but hear me.

Girl—Never, base menial. If thou art Hamlet, where those raven ringlets, that clear and roseate hue, those brilliant orbs that met my gaze when Hamlet stood before me?

Man—They're all in the wardrobe. Believe me of all those endearing charms I am now bereft; but on my soul, I am thy Hamlet.

Girl—Its all a lie, you red-headed old fool. [And exit Girl in a towering passion, leaving the sweet youth in pensive thought and sad repose. It was'nt a very pleasant reception for Ham, was it? The girl was cured of her love for stage heroes, though.

We know of another chap, who had it bad, but we'll tell his tale in verse:—

THE AMATEUR.

> Bill Howler was a fine young man,
> And gallant, bold and say;
> But he forsook his work because
> He though that he could play.
> He reasoned to himself like this:
> "It surely is a fact,
> I act so well, to take the stage
> Would be a goodly act."
>
> He went to see the managers
> And ask if they would let
> Him play, but he found at the close
> He could no opening get.
> He said "I've saved some money, and
> For myself I'll start;"
> And he, that he a part might play,
> Did with his money part.
>
> The great night came, and Bill did try
> To do his best, of course;
> By spouting made himself an ass,
> By shouting he grew hoarse.
> He waited till the play was through,
> With open, anxious ear,
> But not the least sound of applause
> Gave Bill a kind good cheer.
>
> Disgusted with his failure and
> The loss of all his store,
> Bill left the stage behind as he
> Should long have done before;
> And now he drives an omnibus,
> Which does his time engage,
> So that he ne'er has time to think
> Of any other stage.

CHARLES FISHER made his *rentree* at Wallack's Theatre on the 20th of April, and received such a welcome as any man might well be proud of. A change of bill was rendered necessary at this house on the 21st, owing to the illness of Mr. John Gilbert.

UNSWORTH AND EUGENE, after an absence of seven years, returned to this city on April 25th, per steamship Scotia. The latter looks a trifle older than the Master Eugene of our recollection, while Unsworth has the look of a regular Britisher, giving evidence that the roast beef of old England has greatly improved the condition of James, or "any other man." The public will soon have an opportunity of seeing and hearing these popular favorites, as they are under engagement to perform with Bryants' Minstrels at their new hall on Fourteenth street.

THERE IS NOTHING new to record of affairs at the Broadway, where a selection of old Irish pieces are nightly given.

THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION have tendered a complimentary testimonial to E. L. Davenport, who is shortly to leave for California. It will take place at the Academy of Music on the 30th of April. This deserving actor should be greeted by a full house.

MR. G. C. BOSPAUGH, having attracted large audiences at the Old Bowery during the past week, has been re-engaged.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME is offered by the management of the Theatre Comique, as the company at present engaged there is one of the best Music Hall troupes in this country. The following is a list of the performers: William Lingard, comedian, mimic and vocalist; Prof. Hilton, ventriloquist; Prof. Airee, gymnast; Andy Leavitt, Lew Brimmer, Tommy Ryan and Charley White, Ethiopian comedians; Kelly and Holly, double song and dance and eccentric; Josh Hart, comedian and stage manager; Dan Collins, impersonator of old men; Lizzie Whelpley, Mlle Helene and Laura Le Claire, *dancseuses*; and Dave Hawley, gymnast. Prof. Hilton commenced last week, introducing three large sized heads, perched upon stands, and representing England, Ireland and Scotland, which, by his ventriloquial powers, he caused to sing and talk as if to the manner born. The entertainment throughout was very laughable, particularly the part the Irishman took. Kelly and Holly also put in a first appearance the past week in a double clog dance and double song and dance, which they executed very well. Harry Kelly, who is an old professional, is a good dancer, while Holly is a new face in this city. Prof. Airee, late with the Hanlon Combination, commences this evening in one of his aerial acts. William Lingard continues his engagement. The amusing *travestie*, by Charley White and Josh Hart, called "Under the Gas Lamp," which plays about thirty minutes, is well placed upon the stage and well acted. The rush at the close is quite a feature.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE of the "White Fawn" took place at Niblo's Garden on the afternoon of April 25th, and owing to the day being rainy and very disagreeable, the attendance was only fair to middling. This spectacle, and probably all others that depend upon the display of legs for success, has seen its best days, as the audience is falling off gradually. The new features lately introduced in the "Fawn" have attracted only three or four good houses, since when the same number of vacant seats are to be seen than were visible before the new features were added. We are told that the present season will soon close, and after a summer vacation the establishment will re-open for the fall and winter season with a pretty strong dramatic company, under the management of Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, who intend making it a star theatre, and will introduce the leading stars of this city as well as those of London. Matilda Heron is spoken of as being one of the first luminaries in her specialty of "Camille."

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS are attracting large audiences to their hall. This is not strange, however, for Messrs. Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus are prominent in the front rank of the minstrel profession, and they have surrounded themselves with artists of undoubted ability; consequently, the entertainment is invariably highly enjoyable. The programme offered the past week was a most excellent one. In the first part Wambold sang Bonniker's beautiful ballad of "Chimes of Bells," which was most deservedly *encored*. He also sang another ballad in the olio, Charley Backus did his imitations of actors of note, including Dickens in one of his readings, finishing with a gay speech of "Now I'm off for England with $100,000." He also gave an imitation of Gen. Grant by striking an attitude and exclaiming "Smoke." Bernard and Rice did a scene from the opera of "Norma," which was done in true burlesque style. Birch was very funny in a new break neck act by Charley Morris, called "My Uncle Timothy," assisted by Mr. Bernard. Bobby Newcomb's songs and dances appear to please the audience very much, as he is *encored* from four to five times each evening. He also appeared in the song entitled "On the Beach at Long Branch," which he impersonated very cleverly in female attire. The programme offered for the current week is of a very attractive character.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" proved as attractive at the Olympic Theatre the past week as it did the first week of its production, crowded houses being the rule. Even on Saturday afternoon last, when the rain was coming down pretty fast, the house was very well attended, principally by ladies and children. No pantomime that has been produced in this city for some time has been placed upon the stage so complete in all its details as "Humpty Dumpty," or met with such unequivocal success. This is not owing to the merits of the pantomime altogether, but to the general getting up, including the scenery and the superior dancing of Sangalli, Betty Rigi, as well as the *coryphees* and *ballet divertissements*. Matinees are given every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon

JOE MURPHY made his first appearance in this city with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, on April 20th, on the bone end, and created a decidedly favorable impression. His style differs materially from that of other comedians. He has a good voice, speaks every word distinctly, tells a gag with considerable humor, and his gags, which are fresh and laughable, are told with that dry humor that convulses an audience with merriment. As a bone player he has probably no equal in this country in a minstrel band. We have heard the best players execute a solo, but Joe Murphy keeps better time and seems to go through more difficult manipulations with the bones than other performers. Besides being a good end man, he is a versatile comedian. In the olio he played an act called the "Gipsey Warblers," with Purdy and others, and notwithstanding it was an old act, it was well done and created much fun. He also appeared in an act called "Ethiopian Sketches," personating a fop, changing to a song and dance, a horse jockey and a fine solo, with changes of dress, done in a rapid manner. He does a clever song and dance, but not as good as many others that make this a feature. His reception each evening the past week was very enthusiastic. Kelly and Leon give one of the best minstrel entertainments ever witnessed in this city, the vocal as well as instrumental music being exceedingly good. There are nine voices in the chorus, which includes some of those engaged for the chorus of the "Grand Dutch S." There are now seventeen performers in the first part besides the pianist, the instrumental part also having been strengthened. This evening James Blamphin, harpist, and F. B. Naylor, tenor singer, lately arrived from England, put in an appearance. The hall was crowded every night the past week, the aisles being filled with camp-stools.

MARRIED.—Louisa M. Hamblin, daughter of the late Thomas S. Hamblin, was married in this city on April 21st, to Munn Maverick, of Winona, Minn.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE was re-leased on April 24th by Messrs. Charles White and Sandy Spencer for two years from May 1st, at a rental of $15,000 a year, which is $5,000 less than heretofore paid for it. This theatre is one of the best constructed for the purpose for which it is used in this city, and the location is excellent. The auditorium is well arranged, and a clear view is had of the stage from all parts of the house. The entrance is wide, and in case of fire the house can be soon emptied, there being several side windows out of which those in the orchestra and parquet can walk and escape from an alley each side. J. W. Allinson handles the stamps in the box office, while Charley White is the general manager. Having had considerable experience in this city as manager, Mr. White knows exactly how to cater for the public, and he will be assisted by his *confreres*, Sandy Spencer, a gentleman who is well known to the profession. With all these advantages, besides being the only variety theatre on Broadway, there is no reason why the Theatre Comique should not prove a successful theatrical speculation.

CHARLES VIVIAN, comic vocalist, commenced an engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House on April 20th, appearing in a variety of songs, commencing with the "Happy Old Man." His *repertoire* contains some of the most popular songs of the day and take very well with the audience. Tony Pastor introduced a new feature in the music hall business, that of appearing in a duet with Addie Le Brun, which took very well. Tony Pastor's performing dogs and monkeys re-appeared the past week, and were put through their performances by Billy Pastor. The dogs are all under perfect control, and do the business allotted them in a creditable manner. Billy Sheppard re-appeared in a song and dance called "Nellie the Belle," written by Eddie Fox. The performance terminated with a local drama called the "Dry Goods Clerks of New York."

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS terminated its regular season in this city on April 25th, it being its two hundred and thirty-second performance. The Cynocephalus was taken sick after the performance on Monday evening, April 20th, and did not appear the remainder of the week. It died on Saturday morning last, greatly regretted. Robert Stickney rode a four horse act. His own horse had not arrived from Europe, so he could not do a somersault act. The Conrad brothers appeared in the four globe act, and were favorably received. During the performance of the leaps on the evening of April 21st, Robert Stickney sprained his ankle, and the following night Billy Dutton met with a like misfortune. This week the concern is showing under canvas through Connecticut, and will return to this city early in October.

M. W. LEFFINGWELL commences an engagement at the Worrel Sisters' Theatre this evening as Romeo Jaffier Jenkins, in the farce of "Too Much for Good Nature," one of the best representations of eccentric low comedy we ever saw, and in which Mr. Leffingwell has gained considerable reputation. We are pleased to welcome Mr. L. back to the scenes of his former triumphs, for it was in this city that his talents were first recognized. He is one of the best burlesque actors on the boards, and should not be permitted to leave us again. The burlesque of "Paris and Helen" continues on the bills at this establishment, and so far has proved one of the most attractive productions yet presented, the house being very well attended each evening the past week.

REUBEN LOWELL, the ostensible lessee of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, died in New Orleans, on April 22d, while on his way from Havana to this city. Mr. Lowell was formerly proprietor of the Westchester House, corner Bowery and Broome streets, in this city, which he disposed of some time since, and leased the New York theatre. Having been failing for several months with consumption, he visited Havana a short time since for the benefit of his health, and he was on his return home when he died as stated. He was about thirty-four years of age.

LOWELL AND SIMMOND, some among the many dramatic agencies in this city, have a number of advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER, relating to the wants of a number of professionals. They are the agents for the Buislay Family, Mons. Airee, H. W. Mitchell, Kate Quinton and a number of other stars in the various branches of the profession. See their cards elsewhere for particulars.

MESSRS. THOMPSON & RIGGS, dramatic, operatic, musical, equestrian and minstrel agents in this city, publish their card in our advertising columns. A second low comedian is on their books for an engagement.

A COMPETENT ORCHESTRA LEADER advertises for an engagement in another column.

THE EUROPEAN CIRCUS—so called—but minus the great artists who performed in Paris, commenced a two weeks' stay in this city on April 20th, under canvas, at 34th street near Broadway. Owing to heavy rain, no performance was given that afternoon, but at nighthe canvas was a little more than half full. As the 14th street circus, Mr. Lent's, preformed all last week, affording more comfortable quarters than the other concern, the "European" did not come up to expectations in the receipts, we fear.

AUGUSTUS DALY takes the Broadway Theatre for the summer season, for the purpose of producing one of his latest dramatic pieces.

THE HANLON BROTHERS are at present in this city practicing new acts for the fall season. The five brothers, George, William, Alfred, Frederick and Edward, will travel together next season.

MR. WILLIAM LINGARD, who is at present fulfilling an engagement in this city at the Theatre Comique, publishes a card elsewhere setting forth that he has sold to William A. Pond & Co., music publishers of this city, the right of publishing all his songs, including "On the Beach at Brighton," which he claims to be his own property, having as he states written the words and music.

A DRAMATIC SEASON will be inaugurated at Pike's Opera House on the 11th of May, with a sensation play in five acts adapted from the French, by one of our resident dramatists. The corps dramatique will comprise names of sterling ability. A novel scene, designated as "The Red Chamber," is spoken of as very effective, as is also the one of "The Freshet on the Island." The play, it is said, will be of the highest order of sensationalism. Among the company are Messrs. Dyott, McKee Rankin, Frank Lawlor, Charles Hale, George Boniface, Elira Neaton, Addie Proctor, Emma Skerrett, Fanny Prestige and others of note.

THE TRIAL of Edwin Kelly for the murder of Thomas Sharpe, on the 11th of December, 1867, in front of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, came up in the General Sessions on April 24th, Recorder Hackett on the bench, and Assistant District Attorney Gunning S. Bedford appearing for the people. Mr. Clinton is counsel for Mr. Kelly. After swearing three jury men, one was obtained who had not expressed an opinion, after which the Court was adjourned until Tuesday, April 28th, at 11 o'clock.

KATE PENNOYER, accompanied by her mother, will sail for San Francisco on Friday, May 1. Miss Pennoyer goes out under a six months' engagement to W. H. Smith.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE opens the second week in May with a first class dramatic company, including Fanny Prestige, and several old time favorites. Wallace's opera of "Lurline," which is in active preparation, will be produced in handsome style and with a strong cast.

MESSRS. CONVERSE AND STYOL, the famous banjoists and musicians, have entered into co-partnership in the business of teaching how the banjo should be manipulated, at Campbell's Jewelry store, No 339 4th avenue, a convenient location for up town youths who wish to know how to play on "de ole banjo."

FRANK KERNS, Ethiopian Comedian, puts in an appearance this evening at Tony Pastor's Opera House.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE have returned to New York, after fulfilling a number of engagements in various parts of the country.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS have established a magical apparatus manufactory at 559 Broadway, N. Y. See advertisement.

Dramatic.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO the past week appear to have been much better than of late, as a correspondent informs us that managers wear a cheerful smile once more. Our correspondent adds:—"The 'Grand Duchess,' which attracted good audiences during the week ending March 21st, at the Opera House, is followed this (last) week by 'La Belle Helene' and a portion of the Da Pol *ballet* troupe. The public is disappointed to this extent, that where they expected to see the full *ballet* they only see Morlacchi, Ricci and Albertina. I think if it were not for the *danseuses*, 'La Belle Helene' would fail to draw as well as did the 'Duchess,' for the public has learned that the great Parisian Company ranks scarcely above mediocrity Morlacchi and Ricci, in their double dances, are loudly *encored*, while the 'singists' are not thus favored. In the Can Can dance Katie Putnam made an appearance, the propriety of which I fail to see. Being naturally an excellent comedienne and vocalist, I think she should not have appeared in the *ballet*. No announcements are made for next (this) week, but it is hinted that they will produce 'Orphee aux Enfers.'.....'Dora' still holds the boards at Wood's Museum, and does not seem to lose a whit of its popularity. Mr. Blaisdell, as Luke Bloomfield, should have been mentioned before, for he gives a most truthful representation of the honest, open-hearted and free-spoken country lad that the author intended. 'Dora' will be withdrawn to-morrow night (April 29th) to give place to the benefit of Mrs. Clara Stoneall, the old lady of this company. 'Married Rake' and 'His Last Legs,' with John Dillon in both pieces (his first appearance in four months), will be the programme.....Maggie Mitchell played 'Fanchon' on April 20th for the last time in Chicago (of course), and will fill out the week with 'Lorle.' She has improved business very much during her stay, and as Chanfrau and Charley Parsloe follow on April 27th, business will probably not grow any worse."

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, the "White Fawn" held the boards for a second week, which was more than it was expected to do. A correspondent writes that "the dances, marches, etc., and the performers themselves, have already been rendered familiar to our citizens through the spectacle of 'Undine,' which is fitted as good as the 'Fawn,' and besides the people had enough of the leg drama to last awhile. On April 27th, the theatre will reopen for a short summer dramatic season, little Lotta being the first star, in the character of Little Nell. She will draw, if anybody can.....The three dwarfs—Jean Piccolo, Jean Petit and Kis Jozsi—appear at Mozart Hall for six nights, commencing April 27th."

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Manchester, N. H., on April 20th, and appeared nightly during the past week to good houses. A correspondent says:—"This is their third visit the present season, and speaks well for the popularity of the company. The pieces presented have been 'Lucretia Borgia,' 'Pearl of Savoy,' 'Asmodeus,' 'Nobody's Daughter,' and to-night (April 24th) 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room,' for the benefit of Yankee Locke. Mrs. G. E. Locke appears for this night only as Betty Sanders in the 'Fool of the Family.' The company open April 27th in Concord, N. H., for one week and go there to Portsmouth.....Mr. W. H. Locke and wife, also Mr. Delmon Grace, are at present stopping in Manchester. Mr. Grace has been seriously ill for some weeks with rheumatism, but is now 'on the mend.'"

AN ADVERTISER, whose address will be found among our theatrical advertisements, wishes to procure a situation in a theatre as treasurer or assistant.

CLAUDE DE HAVENS, pantomimist, etc., advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement.

ZOE was billed to appear in the "French Spy" on April 17th and 18th in Lowell, Mass., but owing to sudden illness, as was announced by the manager on the day appointed for the performance, she was unable to appear. We believe she showed in Utica during the past week.

EMMA PEARL, wife of L. F. Rand, died in Milwaukee Wis., on April 19th.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Williamsburg, L. I., re-opened with a dramatic company on April 23d, with the following talent.—Mr. and Mrs. W. Gomersal, Moses W. Fiske, W. J. Stanton, H. B. Phillips, Charles Seabert, Mr. Thompson, Malemburg, W. Birch, Dennison, Blanche Chapman, Laura Page, and the Misses Stuart and Wallace, with J. G. Nagle as lessee, and H. B. Phillips, stage manager. The English version of the "Grand Duchess" was given with all the original music.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" was produced at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on April 22d, by a dramatic company, under the management of W. A. Donaldson, with the following cast—Byke, J. B. Studley; Snorkey, McKee Rankin; Bernadas, George Pardey; Judge Bowling, George Marcellus; Ray Trafford, George Maxwell; Station Master, John Mathews; Laura, Julia Nelson; Pearl, Susie Naomie; Peachblossom, Joey Pardey; and Old Judas, Mrs. Monell. The same performance was given in Hartford on April 23d.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY gave three performances in Lowell, Mass., on April 23d, 24th, and 25th. "Under the Gaslight," "The Sea of Ice," and "Hilda" were the pieces presented.

LAURENCE P. BARRETT continued up to last advices in favor with the San Francisco public. On March 26th "Hamlet" was revived. For his first benefit, March 27th, he appeared as Shylock, and a large house was in attendance. "Richard the Third" was the bill for the 28th, and for the 30th "Money" was announced, with the first appearance of W. Mostayer in that city as Captain Smooth.

ALICE KINGSBURY, the "Elfin Star," closed a six nights' stay at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, on the 18th, and was to open at Omaha, Neb., on April 22d, for two weeks, and go thence to St. Louis, commencing May 11th for one week. In these cities she produces a new five act play, written for her by Mr. Smith.

OLIVER B. DODD, late leading man of the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, was tendered a complimentary benefit by the citizens of Mobile on the evening of April 17th, at the Mobile Theatre. Our correspondent says: "The house was crowded, and Mr. Doud fully sustained the high reputation he has gained during the past season as an actor of rare merit; he is a good dresser, has a correct conception, and is withal a fine reader and has a good voice. The pieces selected for the occasion were 'Milky White,' 'Day After the Wedding,' and 'A Trip to Richmond,' Mr. Doud sustaining the part of Daniel White in the first, Col. Harry Freelove in the second, and Fred. Flight in the latter. Quite a number of volunteers appeared, among whom were Johnny Redden, who did a song and dance; Johnny Keegan, a clog dance; and Geo. A. Jessel, who sang a ballad."

ANOTHER DRAMATIC STAR is desirous of bursting forth in all her effulgence in a new sensational drama in four acts. The lady is a Miss Foote, we presume a pretty Foote, from the English theatres. Her agent is Montague Byng, as will be seen by advertisement.

THE BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE at Williamsburgh, L. I., is being successfully managed, it seems, by Messrs. J. G. Nagle and H. B. Phillipps. Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal are now performing there in "The Grand Dutchess of Gerolstein" by Offenbach, supported by a good company. The management is ready to engage other stars. See advertisement.

MAGGIE MITCHELL opens at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on March 27th, for one week.

SOL. JEWELL, JR., author of the "Double Marriage" &c., is now writing a new five act sensation drama, entitled "Mabel Hayne, or Love Passion and Revenge."

DEFOT'S BALLET TROUPE closed in Cincinnati, Ohio, on April 25th, and appears this week in Louisville, Ky.

LAWRENCE AND PALMER'S Panorama, used in the "White Fawn" at the Boston Theatre, travel for two weeks, commencing at New Bedford April 27th, and go thence to Newport and Providence. They go out under the auspices of J. B. Booth, with E. M. Leslie as business agent.

YANKEE GLUNN and wife are doing well in Eastern Massachusetts, with their variety entertainment.

EDWIN BOOTH commences a four weeks' tour of the New England cities at Providence, R. I., on May 11th.

SHANAHAN'S OPERA HOUSE, at Newport, R. I., is occupied one or more nights almost every week, by J. B. Booth's Boston Theatre Company.

THE "SEA OF ICE" was announced for Music Hall, Lowell, April 24th and 25th, by the Boston Theatre Company.

ALBERT A. WYATT, and Geo. L. Aiken and wife, are giving entertainments in Western Massachusetts.

RACHEL NOAH, Susan Flood, Susie Huer, Mrs. J. H. Browne, Messrs. Shirley H. France, J. H. Browne and others, go to St. John, N. B., in June, with J. W. Lanergan.

E. M. LESLIE is to play a well known tragedian through New England during the summer season, and will probably have the management of a Western theatre in the fall.

THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.—The performance of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," at the theatre in Henry, Ill., was announced from the pulpit of that town, and the respective congregations were recommended to attend.

"DAVID GARRICK," and the "Petticoat Parliament," are the latest publications by Robert M. DeWitt.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is the current star at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind.

EDMUND COLES' DRAMATIC COMPANY, with Lizzie Cooper and John Albaugh as the stars, produced "Nobody's Daughter" at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., on April 20th.

MARIETTA RAVEL, having closed a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Omaha, was induced to remain two nights longer, appearing on April 20th and 21st, when she left for Cleveland, Ohio, where she commences a one week's engagement on May 4th.

ARRIVED.—W. H. Smith, manager of the Temple of Music, San Francisco, Cal.; Bamford and Norman, tenor and female impersonator; Dick Sands and W. Ashcroft, double clog sists; Wm. Mestayer, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, J. C. McCollum and Charles Webb, step-father of the Webb Sisters, arrived in San Francisco on March 30th.

KATE DENIN AND JOHN WILSON reached San Francisco from Australia early in March.

THE HA-YA-TA-KEE troupe of Japs, who were so unfortunate in this city in losing their manager, as well as sinking considerable money for their monied men, arrived in San Francisco Cal., on March 23d, on their way home, in charge of M. De Rosa.

A PORTION of the dramatic company from the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, with Mark Brooke as the star, appeared at Fernandina, Fla., on April 13th, in "Robert Macaire," "Foodles" and "Sketches in India."

THE SALT LAKE THEATRE opened for the spring and summer season under the management of Clawson and Caine, on April 4th, with the following company:—J. C. Graham, H. D. McKenzie, P. Margetts, H. Maiberg, A. Merrill, Mr. Whitehead, McGregor, J. S. Lindsay, E. D. Grether, J. R. Kelly, N. Gray, Miss Adams, Miss Alexander, Mrs. M. G. Clawson, Lizzie Platt, Miss Clive, Mrs. Grist, and Nellie Colebrook. "Victorine" was the opening piece, followed on the 6th by "Arrah Na Pogue," and on the 8th, "Leah" and the "Frisky Cobbler."

MISS NUNS, a popular vocalist in Salt Lake City, is no longer a Nunn, as she was married on March 31st, in that city, to George Shewell. May they be happy yet, and in season share a shoal of little dears calculated to show well in the future.

LEADING BUSINESS men are in demand for the forthcoming season of 68-'69, and J. H. Richmond is open for engagements. We doubt not the managers will soon negotiate with him. He is now giving parlor entertainments at San Antonio, Texas, with Miss Dollie Ingersoll as an attractive consort.

THE LEHMAN FAMILY are expected to arrive in San Francisco, California, from Australia on May 23d. The Martinetti troupe are expected a month later.

D. C. ANDERSON, on the occasion of his farewell benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., was the recipient of a parting memento in the shape of a beautiful gold compass and square. It is about three inches long, of solid gold; it is suspended from a scroll, with pin attachment, by a blue ribbon. On the scroll is inscribed "Auld Lang Syne," and on the reverse of the square "Bro. Anderson, from his brethren of San Francisco, March 23, 1868." Mr. Anderson arrived in this city on April 22d.

"THE LOTTERY OF LIFE" was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on April 20th.

THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE, Memphis, Tenn., for some time under the management of W. C. Thompson, may be rented for one or two years from June 1st, by addressing Messrs. Belcher & Beecher as per advertisement.

MANAGERS wishing to secure the valuable services of *aid de camps* in the way of portable scenery, can enlist Messrs. Frank L. Lowell & Co., by addressing them as per advertisement in the CLIPPER.

MANAGER EYELD, of the Boston Museum, has purchased the right of producing Miss Olive Logan's comedy of "Surf" at his establishment. Messrs. Lowell & Simmonds are agents for the sale of Miss Logan's plays.

A THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL AGENCY has been established at No. 7 New Coventry street, Leicester Square, London, Eng., by Mr. Alexander Henderson, formerly manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., than whom no one in John Bull's dominions, if report speaks truly, which we doubt not, is more competent to fulfil the arduous task that necessarily devolves upon one who faithfully carries out the interest of his constituents in the amusement world, whether manager or performer. Mr. Henderson is already preparing to send out some European novelties, which will be produced in handsome style and with a strong cast.

MESSRS. CONVERSE AND STYOL, the famous banjoists and musicians, have entered into co-partnership in the business of teaching how the banjo should be manipulated, at Campbell's Jewelry store, No 339 4th avenue, a convenient location for up town youths who wish to know how to play on "de ole banjo."

FRANK KERNS, Ethiopian Comedian, puts in an appearance this evening at Tony Pastor's Opera House.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE have returned to New York, after fulfilling a number of engagements in various parts of the country.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS have established a magical apparatus manufactory at 559 Broadway, N. Y. See advertisement.

Dramatic.

THEATRICALS IN CHICAGO the past week appear to have been much better than of late,

being centrally located in a large population, may be rented by addressing T. S. Weeks, as instructed in our advertising columns.

JOHN STUCKLEIN was held to bail in Philadelphia on April 25th, on the charge of turning off the gas on the stairway leading to the family circle of the Arch Street Theatre for vicious purposes.

WYMAN, THE WIZARD, opens at Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on May 4th.

OLE BULL announces two concerts in Boston on April 28th and 29th, with Jenny Landsmann, Gustavus Hall and W. R. Thayer.

THE HEENANOMS TROUPE or juveniles appeared in Franklin, Ind., the week ending April 18th, and are advertised to be in Lafayette this week.

HAETZ, the Illusionist, gives his entertainments at Harlem, N. Y., on April 27th, 28th and 29th.

JOHN BOGAN, the banjo man, publishes a card in our advertising columns, by which it will be seen that he not only teaches but manufactures that instrument.

A YOUTH of 17 summers wishes a humble position with some manager. See W. F.'s advertisement.

Amateur.

THE BOOTHENIAN D. A., of Philadelphia, gave a performance on the 23d of April, commencing with a comic song by G. L. Barclay, followed by "Rough Diamond." Our correspondent states that "G. L. Barclay as Cousin Joe was excellent, as was also T. Collins as Sir Wm. Evergreen. Mr. Franklin was cast as Blenheim, Mr. Sherlock as Lord Plato, Miss Baker as Margery, Miss Seymour as Lady Plato, Miss Jones as Lucy. After the farce Miss Baker sang Nora O'Neil, followed by Mr. Barkley with the song Suicidal Family, for which he received an *encore*. The afterpiece was "The Spectre Bridegroom," in which Mr. G. L. Barclay sustained the character of Dickory in a manner which convulsed the audience with laughter. Mr. Quigley as Aldwinkle made an excellent old man. Mr. France's as Nicodemus was good. Mr. St. Ledger played Vauntington, and Mr. Howard has improved as Paul. Miss Graham as Lavinia and Miss Baker as Georgiana did well."

THE HANNIBAL, MO., DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance of the "Golden Farmer" and the "Limerick Boy" on April 16th, at Brittingham Hall, that city.

IN A NOTICE in our last of the performance of the Washington Dramatic Club on the 16th, our correspondent is said to have omitted the name of Miss Cassie Crystal, who sustained the principal character, we are informed, in a very creditable manner, for which she was enthusiastically applauded, and her song encored.

THE FORREST DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Baltimore, performed for the first time at the Concordia Opera House in that city on April 22d. The bill consisted of the "People's Lawyer," the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice" and the "Regular Fix." The pieces were done very well to a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Walter E. McCann as Shylock and Hugh de Brass was excellent. H. Sitter also deserves praise for his rendition. The entertainment was given for the benefit of St. Martin's (R. C.) Church.

AN AMATEUR DRAMATIC ORGANIZATION, composed of ladies and gentlemen of Lowell, Mass., gave a performance on April 22nd in Music Hall. The President of the Young Men's Christian Association, of that city, and several Sabbath school teachers participated and made a creditable appearance before the footlights. Mr. Gibson Tweed acted as Stage Manager. The sum of $400 was raised.

Foreign Show News.

THE LONDON THEATRER.—The removal of the restriction on places of dramatic entertainment during the week ending Easter has been largely taken advantage of this year by some managers, while others closed their houses. The Haymarket, Adelphi, Prince of Wales', New Queen's, Royalty, Surrey, Victoria, Sadler's Wells, Marylebone, Standard, East London, Grecian and Alexandria, gave entertainments, while the Britannia and Pavilion were the only establishments that presented a miscellaneous programme, formerly so familiar at that season of the year. The Princess,' Lyceum, Olympic, St. James' and the Holborn were closed. Clara Louisa Kellogg has opened at Drury Lane, and her *re-entree* has excited a great legitimate interest. Her first engagement in London was brought to an abrupt termination by the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre. During her absence her voice is said to have gained in strength and fullness, and she has, moreover, acquired more self-possession and greater finish in point of detail. Her re-appearance took place on April 4th as Violetta in "La Traviata." Her success was complete, and she received several recalls. On the 9th she appeared as Linda, and was called out after each act. .....At the Haymarket a farce entitled "A Co-operative Movement" was produced on April 6th. Mr. H. Lemon is the author. "A Hero of Romance" has also been the attraction, with E. A. Sothern in the leading *role*. Ione Burke appears at this establishment with Mr. Clark, in the farce of "The Intrigue."..... The drama of "No Thoroughfare" remains the attraction at the Adelphi..... Leotard, the famous gymnast, after an absence of two years, reappeared at the Alhambra on April 9th..... Mdlle. Vanzini (is this Mad. Van Zandt, of this city?) announced as a distinguished singer from New York, was to have made her *debut* at the Royal Italian Opera House on April 4th, in "Rigoletta," but at the last moment Madlle. Fieretti took the part, no cause being assigned for the change. Mdlle. Vanzini appeared on the 9th as Oscar, the page, in "Un Ballo in Maschera." ..The Kemble Dramatic Amateurs appeared at Sadler's Wells on April 6th, 7th and 9th, under the direction of William Stanley, in "King John," "Lady of Lyons," "Fortune's Frolic," "Richelieu" and the "Lottery Ticket."..... The Greenwich Theatre opened for the season April 11th, under the management of Eleanor Bufton. The theatre has been redecorated..... Risley's Japs put in an appearance at the Lyceum on April 13th..... "Jeanie Deans" is the present attraction at the Princess', with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in the cast..... Mad. Celeste was to commence her farewell of the stage at the St. James' on April 13th, opening in "The Woman in Red."..... Charles Mathews and Mrs. Stirling are at the Olympic, playing in "The Woman of the World."..... The Holborn, redecorated and improved, was announced to reopen on April 13th, under Fanny Joseph's management, with Craven's drama of "The Post Boy," and Burnand's extravaganza of "The White Fawn."..... Prof. Anderson is magicianizing at Sadler's Wells..... Christy's Minstrels occupy St. James' Hall.

HARRY WIDDICOMB died in London, Eng., on April 6th, aged about fifty-five years. He was the son of the famous ring-master at Astley's years ago. At the time of his death he was considered a comedian of the most original kind, possessing remarkable facial expression, and artistic talents of a high order.

LAURENCE VOY—better known in England as "Tambourine Voy,"—negro comedian, died at Birmingham, on March 30th, after a severe and lingering illness.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, London, is to be rebuilt at a cost of £65,000.

OLYMPIA DISCOVERY.—The original score of the ballet "*Le Triomphe de l'Amour*," performed in 1681, has just been found in the archives of the Grand Opera in Paris. The piece in question was the first in which women appeared on the stage, and that innovation gave rise to great opposition, on the grounds of immorality. An attempt had indeed been made about twenty-five years before at the Theatres du Marais to have a female part filled by a woman, but the essay was badly received by the public, and Mdlle. Beaupre, as the actress was named, was forced to abandon the profession which she had been the first of her sex to adopt in France. The women's parts continued to be filled by men until the production of the *ballet* mentioned above, on which occasion the Opera succeeded in securing the admission of female dancers on the stage.

THE TOP SPINNER with Risley's "Japs," now performing at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., died at his lodgings in that city on April 8th. He had been ailing for some considerable period before he visited England, having first shown symptoms of failing health at Brussels. He was originally a very robust, healthy man, apparently about 40 years of age. The little girl who is with the troupe, and whose playful antics on the stage are so amusing, is the daughter of the deceased performer. Her mother is in Japan, and it was with the greatest reluctance that the poor woman was persuaded to allow the child to be taken away from her.

H. J. BYRON, the English dramatist, having been unfortunate in some of his theatrical speculations, is at present going through the Bankruptcy Court.

MLLE. AZELLA was the victim of a trapeze accident at the Holborn Circus, London, Eng., on April 6th. Her feat was advertised as her "unrivalled performance on the flying trapeze, which includes a flight across the arena of one hundred feet, terminating in a somersault at an elevation of thirty feet from the platform." In the course of this "most graceful and wonderful" performance the poor girl missed her hold and fell to the platform, amid the shrieks of the audience. The shock was so severe that she fainted and was carried off insensible.

THE ALHAMBRA, London, Eng., is quite an institution, differing in every respect from the style of Concert Halls in this country. The performances begin every night at eight o'clock and terminate at a little before twelve, and during the whole four hours the audience are not kept waiting more than a few seconds. The band, sixty strong, is pronounced one of the most complete in London, and it plays ten pieces of music—comprising classical overtures, German waltzes, operatic selections, &c., every night between the pantomimic and spectacular *ballet*. The vocal music is given in moderate quantities, and the public are not overcloyed with what is called comic singing. As a promenade theatre the Alhambra is arranged with every regard for the comfort of the public. The saloons and crush-rooms accommodate large numbers; the lavatories are provided with barbers and shoe blacks. The parliamentary and latest telegrams are posted up in prominent positions every half hour, and the programme is printed in an evening newspaper. The lighting is brilliant—more like an illumination than the ordinary system of lighting; and the numerous attendants—unlike the waiters at the French *cafes chantant*—never pester the visitors to take refreshments. The plan upon which the entertainments have been conducted for the last two years has been so far successful that the returns for 1866 and 1867 together (kept and audited according to the requirements of the Joint-Stock Companies' Acts) show nearly a million and three-quarters of visitors, and receipts of about $750,000. The receipts at the doors for admission average about 30 cents a head per night, and the receipts for refreshments, including drink, cigars, and eatables, about 15 cents a head per night. The profits have hitherto yielded to the shareholders a dividend of about 17 per cent. per annum.

THE production at Amsterdam of Offenbach's "Barbe Blue" has resulted in a complete failure.

G. W. MOORE, of Christy's Minstrels, London, Eng., while out driving on March 30th, met with a serious accident. While driving through Sussex street, Old Brompton road, a little dog ran out of a house and barked, which caused his horse to start. Through an interception by vehicles at the "Old Swan," Brompton, the animal was restrained to a certain degree, but being frightened by the dog, he had not recovered the control of the reins, and he and his groom, George Angliss, were thrown into the road, the four-wheeled trap being broken up. Mr. Angliss was taken to St. George's Hospital, where he died soon after from injuries received. At the coroner's inquest the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," with an expression that no blame attached to Mr. Moore, who liberally offered to alleviate the sufferings of his deceased servant's family.

AMUSEMENTS.

SHERRY'S
NEW YORK THEATRE.
WANTED two good Musicians, one to play 2d E Flat Cornet in band and 2d Violin in orchestra. Also, one to play Tuba and Viola—to commence immediately. Must be temperate.
Address J. F. SHERRY, Until May 2d, at
4-21* Binghamton, and at Ithaca, N. Y. until May 11th.

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL.
J. W. BUCKLAND..... LESSEE
Ladies and gentlemen desirous of engaging for the season commencing about the end of May, will please apply by letter, stating terms, to A. W. YOUNG,
4-21* Wallack's Theatre, N. Y.

F. CLAUDE DE HAVENS,
The well known Pantomimist and Melodramatic Actor, will be at liberty after May 2d. Address LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
4-11* 609 Broadway.

MARTINO, the Most Accomplished Illusionist and Ventriloquist of the age, will accept engagements after the 1st of May from responsible managers only. Address care Clipper. 4-11*

MISS FOOTE,
Of the LONDON, MANCHESTER, EDINBURGH,
And principal Provincial Theatres of England; Olympic, New York and Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, is now at liberty, and desirous to negotiate with managers in the United States for a star engagement, opening in a new sensational drama, in four acts, (founded upon one of the most popular novels of the day), by W. R. Snow, Esq., author of the "Outpost," "Dolorosolutio," "Orpheus and Eurydice," etc., (specially written for Miss Foote), and replete with the most attractive and thrilling incidents and effects. Address
4-21* MONTAGUE BYNG, Agent, Post Office, Montreal, Canada.

WANTED.
A SITUATION AS TREASURER, or ASSISTANT IN A THEATRE.
Been a Broker for several years—rank with best judges of money in the United States. Would go to any city. Very best of reference, and any amount of security given.
Address G. A. DEFANDORF,
4-11* Clipper Office.

WORRELL SISTERS' N. YORK THEATRE.
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway. Admission, 50 cents.
THIRD WEEK AND EMPHATIC SUCCESS OF
THE WORRELL SISTERS,
SOPHIE, IRENE AND JENNIE,
IN
PARIS AND HELEN,
adapted from Offenbach's
LA BELLE HELENE.
Original Music and Choruses by augmented orchestra and operatic chorus, under Mr. H. Tissington's direction.
To conclude with Mr. Falconer's farce of
TOO MUCH FOR GOOD NATURE;
with the popular eccentric comedian,
Mr. M. W. LEFFINGWELL,
in his famous character of Romeo Jaffier Jenkins.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 P. M.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
EIGHTH WEEK.
JAMES B. HAYES..... Lessee
G. L. FOX..... Stage Manager
C. W. TAYLEURE..... Business Manager
CROWDED HOUSES! UPROARIOUS FUN!
The reserved seats are usually sold out days ahead, and the Manager would impress upon all desirous of enjoying this grand combination of Beauty and Fun the advantages of securing places in advance, or of being early in attendance.
G. L. FOX'S SPECTACULAR BALLET PANTOMIME,
HUMPTY DUMPTY,
GEORGE L. FOX..... CLOWN.
a role in which he is without a living equal.
MATINEES, 12½, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Begins at 8; Closes at 10½.
Admission, 75c.; Family Circle, 50c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1 50. At Matinees, Balcony Chairs, $1; Children, admission 50c.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LESSEE AND MANAGER..... WM. WHEATLEY
The curtain rises at 7½; performance terminates at 11 o'clock.
SPLENDID TRIUMPH.
BRILLIANT RECEPTION OF THE NEW FEATURES.
CROWDED HOUSES.
MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1868,
FOR THE ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND TIME,
will be presented the Grand Spectacular Burlesque, the
WHITE FAWN,
in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated
PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK.
By particular request will be presented on
WEDNESDAY,
THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

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Especial Advertisement.	
One Hundredth Night of the Greatest Burlesque of Modern Times.	First appearance of the famous English Harp Player, MR. JAMES BLAMPHIN.
LEON	First appearance of
LEON	the celebrated
LEON	English Tenor singer,
LEON	MR. F. B. MAYLOTT.
GRAND DUTCH "8"	Both engaged in
GRAND DUTCH "8"	London, England,
GRAND DUTCH "8"	especially for this establishment.
GRAND DUTCH "8"	Second week of
LEON	California's
LEON	Favorite Comedian,
LEON	JOE MURPHY.
LEON	THE GREAT.
Increased Choruses,	Second week of
NEW DRESSES,	THE
NEW ARTISTS,	ONLY LEON'S
NEW SCENERY,	GAY
NEW MUSIC.	YOUNG CHARMER.

GREAT JUBILEE NIGHT. MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE,
201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
A new and interesting drama, replete with grand effects.
UNCLE SAM
AND HIS SONS ON THE OCEAN.
Engagement of New York's favorite Ethiopian Comedian,
MR. FRANK KERNS,
A new character duet (first time)
ON THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND,
By Tony Pastor and Miss Addie Le Brun.
Second week of the great Paiter & Comic Vocalist,
CHARLES VIVIAN.
Reappearance of
MISS NELLIE GREY.
A new grand Ballet,
THE CAPTIVES.
BARNUM'S WAX FIGURES, &c., &c.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2½ o'clock.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1868.
FAREWELL COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT
tendered by the dramatic profession and citizens to the eminent actor,
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT,
previous to his departure for California, on which occassion he will appear in his masterly impersonation of
HAMLET,
produced with all its
SPLENDID SCENERY, EFFECTS AND APPOINTMENTS,
AND
A GREAT CAST OF CHARACTERS.
The sale of Seats will commence at the BOX OFFICE OF THE ACADEMY, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 29th. 4-11*

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
585 BROADWAY.
The trouble commences at Eight o'clock.
The World-Renowned, Inimitable, and Only
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BACKUS & HACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
The greatest Burlesque ever produced in Minstrelcy,
UNDER THE KEROSINE LAMP.
Grand Dutch Chorus Opera. Arthur Lloyd's Great London Song,
ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.
And the Screaming
RAILROAD EXPRESS TRAIN. 4-11*

BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE,
WILLIAMSBURG.
LESSEE AND MANAGER..... MR. J. N. MAGLE
STAGE MANAGER..... MR. H. B. PHILLIPS
This popular establishment is now open with a
FIRST CLASS COMPANY,
and in the
FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS.
The Favorite Artists,
MR. AND MRS. W. GOMERSAL,
in Offenbach's Opera Bouffe of the
GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN,
are nightly playing to BRILLIANT AUDIENCES.
FIRST CLASS STARS treated with on liberal terms. 4-11*

WANTED.
An active American boy of 17 summers wishes to go with some manager in some small position where he can work himself up.
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CHAMPION GYMNASTS AND ATHLETES OF THE WORLD,
will arrive from Havana on or about May 15th, and purpose making a professional tour of the United States. The company will include the following well known artists:—
ETIENNE,
JULIO,
AUGOUST,
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JOACHEIN
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MISS KATE QUINTON,
Singing Chambermaid and Burlesque Actress. The above artists will arrive in New York in June next, and wish to negotiate with a responsible manager for the above lines of business. Communications addressed to care of LOWELL & SIMMONDS. 4-11

CALIFORNIA. CALIFORNIA.
Stars and Stock Artistes desirous of visiting California during the approaching Fall and Winter Season will please communicate with the undersigned, who are alone authorized to negotiate engagements for the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco; Academy of Music, Sacramento; Alhambra, San Francisco, etc.
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
Upon my arrival in New York I authorized Messrs. Lowell & Simmonds to act as my agents, but having determined to give my entertainment upon my own responsibility at the close of my present engagement the advertisement in last week's Clipper was inadvertently inserted through a misunderstanding by my business manager.
4-11* W. LINGARD.

TO MANAGERS,
PERFORMERS, &c.
Having this day purchased from
MR. WILLIAM LINGARD
his original songs (enumerated below) we hereby caution all persons from using or producing the same under the penalty of the copyright law of the United States.
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"Stockton Gickenberg."
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This immense establishment, capable of seating comfortably 1,200 persons, is now being refitted for the summer season and will be ready for rental on or about the 15th OF MAY INST.
Its great success last season shows conclusively that it is the best and coolest summer hall in Canada.
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FOR CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE,
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Steady performers and gentlemen only need apply.
Engagement to commence on Monday, May 25th, at Portage City, Wis. Address immediately, to Galena, Ill., by May 4th, or La Crosse, Wis., May 11th. CHARLEY SHAY,
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ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 27 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

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THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL AGENCY,
7 NEW COVENTRY STREET,
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MR. ALEX. HENDERSON begs to inform his friends and the Profession generally in the United States, that having recently disposed of his Liverpool Theatres, where he has been Manager for the last eight years, he has undertaken the establishment of a THEATRICAL AGENCY on a scale of great magnitude.

MANAGERS and ARTISTS have equally felt the want of such an institution, the formation of which is intended to offer the greatest advantages to FOREIGN ARTISTES who may wish to visit England, and for the transmission of Stars and Leading Members of the Profession in this country to the United States and the Colonies, where it is intended to establish Branch Agencies.

MR. HENDERSON'S great experience as a Manager, his knowledge of the individual talents of nearly every member of the Profession, and his personal acquaintance of all the leading Managers, Stars and Dramatists, has obtained for him the appointment by them of their sole agents, through whom all business engagements are now made. Stars and Artistes of acknowledged position wishing to visit England are requested to communicate at once with Mr. HENDERSON, as above, through whose influence engagements can be procured and first appearances insured either in London or the Provinces. Managers in the States wishing to engage Artistes from England, or requiring any commissions executed, connected either directly or indirectly with the Profession, can have all their requirements fulfilled.

Advances made, Passages paid, and every other facility afforded for the international negotiation of this business. 4-13t

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This Hall (recently erected for campaign purposes) is now open for entertainments. This Hall has seating capacity for 1,500, abundantly lighted with gas, and well ventilated. Apply personally or by letter to G. W. BEACH, Agent. 4-8t

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MISS OLIVE LOGAN
IN INDIANA.

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POPULAR JIG, DOUBLE SONG AND DANCE AND CLOG GISTS, are now at KELLY & LEON'S MINSTREL HALL, and are prepared to receive a few more pupils. 2-4t*

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R. GREENLAND, Business Manager.

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TAMMANY BUILDING, FOURTEENTH STREET,
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First appearance in six years of those
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Return of the popular comedian,
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Full particulars in future advertisements. 1-4.

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Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre,
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It is respectfully intimated that application for stock engagements in the Dramatic Department need not be made prior to June 1, 1868.
2-4t* GEO. WOOD, Manager.

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PANORAMAS WITH THE LATEST NOVELTIES.
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Portfolio of Theatrical Scenes, Part 1st, free by mail on receipt of 50c.
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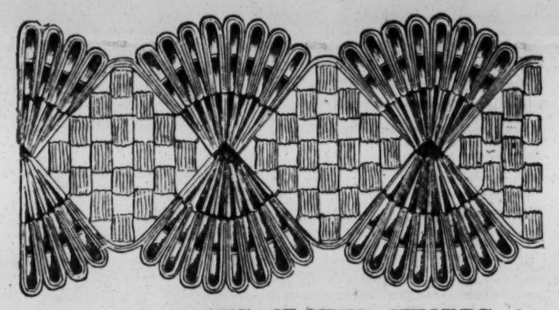

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